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SCENES IN HAWAII.

SCENES IN HAWAII

OR

LIFE IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS

BY

M. FORSYTH GRANT.

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To My Husband.

PREFACE.

As I have been induced by kind friends to give publicity in this form to my notes and observations while on my journey to Hawaii and stay there, I must ask them and others who may care to read them, to be lenient in criticism, and to remember my only wish is to interest by telling them a little of this small Kingdom in the Pacific, generally known only as the most encouraging exemplification of the noble efforts of missionaries to civilize and christianize a savage and voluptuous race. Alas, for this, the finest example of self-sacrificing men and women, for the boast is, sad to say only a boast; and alas, as the group of Islands which Captain Cook discovered in 1776—and on one of which, Hawaii—he was murdered on his second visit in 1778, at Kealakekua Bay.

On Captain Cook's first visit his large ships and cannon so worked on the natives superstitious minds that they regarded him as a god, he and his crews were given everything they desired. On his visit in 1778, being struck by a stone or spear, he gave a cry of pain which not agreeing with the native idea

of a god, they immediately murdered him. The spot is marked by a granite monument brought by a man-of-war from England.

The Hawaiian Kingdom formerly known as the Sandwich Islands, lies between the 20th and 22nd degrees of latitude, a group of seven inhabited Islands, viz :—Oahu, on which is Honolulu, the Capital and seat of Government; Hawaii, the largest, on which are active the Volcanoes; Maui, Lanai, Kauai, Nihau, and Molokai, on which is the leper settlement. It is now of some importance from its position, owing to the anxiety of many nations to possess it as a strong strategetical point and their consequent jealousies. It is about 2000 miles from San Francisco, and 4000 from Aukland, in the direct route to Australia from North America. Its independence was guaranteed in 1847 by England and France, and the year following the United States joined them ; as two of these nations regard treaties as binding, the Hawaiian Kingdom is likely to retain its independence, unless war in Europe overthrows the balance of Power, or to the time Seward thought of when he said "The Pacific Ocean is destined to become the theatre of the world's greatest events."

The cable between British Columbia and Australia, for which soundings are now being made, will bring into notice Honolulu, near which is to be a landing station for the cable; or, perhaps, a rise in sugar may again make prominent her fertile lands.

The Government is carried on by King, Lords and Commons—Lords and Commons meeting and voting together in one Legislative Hall with a Cabinet of five to advise His Majesty—His Majesty had the power, by the Constitution, of vetoing any Bills his faithful Commons sent him, lately much curtailed. When I was in Hawaii the King practically controlled all measures or rather the power behind the throne, for the King, though well educated and intelligent, was credited with the Hawaiian trait of extreme indifference to matters of importance, or matters of any kind, if they in anyway interfered with his own personal comfort.

The population is about 80,000, of which the natives number some 35,000, Chinese 20,000, Portugese and Japanese 15,000, the rest British subjects, many of them Canadians; United States subjects; German, French, Danish, Swedish and

other nations subjects with a few South Sea Islanders. The native race is fast dying out. A century ago their number was estimated at 400,000; this is due, without doubt to the taste for strong waters given to them by their white friends, as well as the germs of the horrible leprosy which is now so imbued in their blood that all are tainted.

In the hope that these few pages which have been reprinted in part from the columns of the "Week," may amuse and interest, I venture to send forth my little book, trusting that it may give something of the pleasure to my readers, that it has given me to write it. M. F. G.

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SCENES IN HAWAII.

CHAPTER I.

San Francisco.—Chinese.—"The Australia."—His Hawaiian Majesty.—English cricketers — The invalid.—First glimpse of Honolulu.—Kalakua's reception.—Young swimmers.—The natives.—Tax for residents.—Royal Hotel.—Mosquitoes.—Persian Powder.—Sunday in Honolulu.—Flowers.—St. Andrew's Cathedral.

THE City of San Francisco is said to be the most cosmopolitan city in the world, and to the traveller from Northern Latitudes presents a strange mingling of elements, foreign and otherwise. Irish seemed to predominate, the brogue of of the Emerald Isle being heard in all directions. French, one hears constantly. Color of every degree is met in the passing faces, and the ubiquitous Chinaman pervades the streets, hotels, ferries, and tram cars, or rather did some short time ago, for now, like the Wandering Jew, he is condemned to "move on!"

Almost all the household servants are Chinese, and very smart they look, with their silken coats and white trousers, sometimes profusely embroidered, their long queues hanging down their back

almost to their heels, (I found out afterwards that the queue is frequently made chiefly of silk or cotton braid, which is introduced into the plaid, the natural hair being scarcely longer than below the shoulders), and invariably with a small, round silk cap on top, which seemed to be the correct finishing touch to their indoor dress.

On arriving at the pier, the Mongolian again appeared, and on board the good ship "Australia," bound for Honolulu, we found them acting in the various capacities of waiters, stewards, sailors, etc., these latter very untidy and dirty in appearance, and always, to me, having a look of surprise on their impassive, yellow faces, owing in part to the fact of their always shaving the hair of the forehead, except when they wear a fringe over their brows, a sign of being what we call "in mourning." What a Chinaman calls it, I do not know, as outwardly, he never mourns except at his gambling losses.

The sun was shining in a brilliant flood of light through the "Golden Gate," as we left the steep hill of San Francisco in the hazy distance, and set sail for tropical climes: the soft, warm, air, and summer-like arrangement of the ships cabins making one anticipate with delight, the genial atmosphere we were soon to enter.

Dark complexioned faces in the dining saloon as well as amongst the crew, shewed the probability of there being native Hawaiians and Portuguese down below, besides the usual complement of white waiters; they all appeared to work well together, however.

The Captain, a big, burly Saxon in appearance, was very kind and pleasant, an immense favourite on the line, and apparently having plenty of spare time to give to his passengers, especially as the passage was a fine, though not particularly smooth one. The Pacific disappointed nearly everyone in this respect, as, though not stormy, and the sun shining brightly, the long, steady, continuous roll never ceased for a day.

The upper decks were immensely long and large, and in a few days, those of the passengers who could tumble up the companion, managed to do so, and the rows of sea-chairs were soon filled by convalescents enjoying the fine, soft air.

There were a number of cabins opening on to the decks, each door being arranged with a pretty, cool looking curtain, which blew about in the most refreshing way, a great boon as the nights grew hotter.

Now, as to the passenger-list; first comes Royalty and its surroundings, for we were honoured by the presence of no less a personage, than His Majesty King Kalakua of the Hawaiian Islands, who was returning to Honolulu after a liesurely tour round the world, accompanied by his chamberlain, Colonel Judd, a fine looking man, son of one of the early American Missionaries to Hawaii, and a suite. The King was a large, tall man, rather too stout for his height, his complexion deep copper-colour, dark curly hair and whiskers, and fine white teeth.

The Captain's cabin was beautifully decorated with flowers, for His Majesty's reception, in deference to the Hawaiian fashion, and in it he spent most of the time, rarely appearing except when the gong sonnded in the dinning saloon, probably glad enough to keep quiet after eighteen months of sight-seeing and being seen. For, happening to have been in London during his visit there, I had been witness to the way in which King Kalakua had been hailed as the lion of the hour, and his carriage fairly mobbed whenever he appeared as "the king of the Cannibal Islands."

Shortly after leaving San Francisco, I was introduced (or presented!) to His Majesty, and he was

always most kind to us afterwards. His natural dignity of manner was very marked, his voice soft, musical, with a slight foreign accent, and his English, owing to the fact that he was educated chiefly in California, was perfect. He told me that when he was present at an audience given him in Rome by the Pope, he supplied a word in English, at which Cardinal Mazzini hesitated, doubtless thinking that a native of the Pacific Islands might not be a proficient in that language. On the fifth day of the voyage, officers, stewards, and the king also, appeared in white linen raiment, and the Chinese steward in a loose coat and short trowsers of shining black calico. This latter in spite of his comical appearance, tempted one gentleman to wish that he was "dressed like that Chinaman." Some English professional cricketers were with us also, on their way to Australia, a jolly, good tempered lot, adding much to our enjoyment by their capital singing of choruses, one especially, I remember, called "My little Yorkshire Lass,' in which all joined most heartily, sung in the approved dialect by the stentorian English voices.

A sad incident of the voyage was my casual acquaintance with a young girl, who, we were told, was dying of some wasting disease. Her father

of high legal standing in Honolulu, was a German, her mother a native of the Islands. Often in passing her cabin, where she lay always, I used to peep through the chintz curtains hung in the doorway, wish her good morning, and stand to chat with her for a few minutes. Her face was small, thin, and yellow; her eyes large, dark, and very melancholy. One hand was bound up, and we had heard she had lost the other, also a foot. Some weeks later, when she was wasted almost to a shadow, I saw her again at her invitation. Shortly afterwards she died, and the suspicion arose that for the only time during our stay in the Islands I had seen a person dying of leprosy, that fatal disease which is surely exterminating the Hawaiian race.

The bold bluff called Diamond Head, which was the first point of land visible, was perceived early on the morning of the seventh day. Towards the afternoon every one who could do so, was busily engaged in watching for the first glimpse of Honolulu through glasses of every size, but we sailed smoothly enough along the shore for a long time, and were delighted at seeing the grove of cocoa-nut trees which are outside the town, and whose graceful, towering tops give a tropical look to any scenery.

Some little distance from the wharf, the tide was adverse, and the ship had to be towed in by immense ropes, and during this rather ignominious process several people left the ship in small boats, and our attention was drawn by the appearance of numerous officials who were rowed from the shore to meet His Majesty on board, who presently appeared with his suite, all in most fashionably cut London clothes, high hats, etc. He went about among the passengers, saying good-bye in the kindest way, and I should be afraid to tell how many royal autographs were asked for and presented. The officials were clad in the most gorgeous uniforms, all gold lace, cocked hats, swords, etc., something between a diplomatic and full dress naval uniform: and numerous greetings were passed between the friends who met perhaps after an absence of many months.

A beautiful gig, manned by natives dressed in white, wearing wreathes of flowers and leaves round their necks and hats, and flying the royal Hawaiian standard, was ready for the King, and in it he embarked, followed by his suite in their different crafts, and in the distance we could hear the strains of a band playing a welcome to their returned monarch.

During the time which elapsed before we were able to land, we were amused by the antics of a crowd of youthful savages, who had appeared from the town, and who were swimming all round the ship, and now and then diving for the pieces of silver thrown to them by the passengers, and which seemed all part of the performance to be gone through with when a ship came into harbour. The children looked like so many polly-wogs, and did not seem to mind how far down they had to dive for a sixpence, bringing it up in their mouths, and yelling with delight every time a fresh one was thrown. They seemed wonderfully good swimmers.

The wharf was crowded with natives of every age; the women, as a rule, tall, walking with a long, swinging gait, very dark in colour, and all dressed in flowing cotton garments, called by them holokus. They all wore straw hats, of every shape, but the sailor shape seemed to be the one most affected, with broad, bright ribbons round them. There seemed to be two modes in the fashion, one to be tilted over the nose, resting on a huge tortoise shell comb; and the other worn more back from the forehead, and untidy masses of black locks streaming down to the waist.

The men, some of them very fine-looking fel-

lows, wore blue or white cotton trousers, bright coloured shirts with buttons the size of a shilling, and plenty of them ; straw hats, some very small ; the feet either bare, or clad in high leather riding boots, with immense Mexican spurs, jingling as they walked ; the more noise a native can make with his spurs the much finer man he thinks himself. All, men and women, wore leis or wreathes of flowers round their hats and necks ; some of the blossoms being so strongly scented as to be overpowering to the olfactory nerves.

The taxes paid, in the shape of a $2 bill, to be given by each person intending to reside in the Island, for the support of the Queen's Hospital, we presently found ourselves at the hotel, a fine, large wooden building, with beautiful grounds about it and huge double verandahs.

All the servants were Chinese—no women servants to be seen ; the Chinaman being equally good as house-maid, waiter, or cook.

The rooms were comfortable, each bed being provided with the inevitable mosquito curtain, made of fine netting, generally hung from the ceiling by means of a rope and pulley arrangement, which enables the traveller to raise or lower it according to his requirements.

As soon as daylight wanes, in comes a Chinaman to pull down the net all round the bed and tuck it securely between the matrasses, so as to prevent the fast-coming hordes of mosquitoes from penetrating the folds. Strangers have to get accustomed to this piece of daily routine, or, in consequence, the occupant, thinking he has done all that is necessary, will be just dozing off when the fatal sing-sing of the little tormentor will be heard, and then good-bye to a night's rest till the murder is committed.

A most valuable addition to one's comfort is a box of the Persian insect powder, which is prepared from the blossom of the yellow pyrethrum, which is brought down from the Pacific Coast in barrels and sold in any quantity.

A small quantity of this kept burning in a little tin will deal an immense amount of destruction, the fumes rendering the mosquitoes perfectly helpless, and, if burned long enough, killing them in such numbers that frequently the dustpan will be filled with them the next morning. A small box of this powder can be easily put in a corner of one's portmanteau, and anyone who suffers from the attacks of these pests should never be without it.

The next day was Sunday, and a walk about

the town shewed it to be quite as pretty in the interior as it appeared from the harbour. Nearly all the streets were shaded by rows of trees on both sides, and the houses, built in every form of architecture—brick, adobe, wooden and rough-cast, and all with verandahs,—were overgrown with Mexican creepers, honeysuckles, and passion flowers in the loveliest profusion. The hedges of scarlet geranium and coleus were wonderful to look upon, and the air was scented with heliotrope and roses of every hue. There is so little change in the seasons that many of these flowers bloom all the year round.

The bougainvillier was one mass of purple of every shade, growing in a marvellous state of luxuriance—it is a different looking plant altogether from that grown in a conservatory, the colour is so rich and the foliage so thick and massive.

The palms in the pretty gardens were a great source of admiration, so large were the glossy leaves, and so imposing in size.

Alamandas grew their lovely yellow bells on shrubs and trees; crotons were six feet high, and the lillies and beautiful red spotted leaves of the cultivated taro or Calladiums were something for northern eyes to wonder at.

An effort to find the Anglican Church resulted in our missing the way and finding ourselves in a Methodist house of worship, known as the "Fort Street Church," which was well lighted and most comfortably fitted with cushioned pews. An excellent choir was seated on a large platform, in front of which were the usual arrangements of chairs, desk, etc., for the minister.

Sitting there, one could hardly realize the fact that home was so many thousand miles away, but one had to remember that the month was November, and the light dresses of the many fair and dark women about seemed to tell us that we were in another atmosphere, much more like June than anything else.

Coming back to the hotel we saw a large open gateway, and wandering in we found that the Cathedral of Honolulu was inside a large compound, with fine large trees about it and the Rectory, which was close by. Beside the church was a school for natives and whites (girls) presided over by the members of the Anglican sisterhood.

We peeped in and saw a large, plain wooden building with a flower-decked altar at the far end, and a surpliced choir on each side of the chancel.

Sometime later, a most ambitious building was begun to take the place of the Old St. Andrew's, and it is still in process of construction. It will be a beautiful church when finished, and the town may well be proud of such a handsome structure. The stone was all sent from England, and the church will be a memento of the untiring exertions of bishop, pastor and congregation. We found there were two native services in the Hawaiian language, besides the English ones. The rector, the Rev. Alexander Mackintosh generally taking the native services, his many years of residence in Honolulu having made him perfectly familiar with all the dialects of Hawaii.

CHAPTER II.

Welcome to the King.—Procession in palace grounds.—Dancing girls.—Fire brigade.—Concert in opera house.—Hawaiian band and Herr Berger.—Moonlight in Honolulu.—Expedition up the Pali.—Riding party.—Waikiki.—Luncheon party at the Kings.—Her Majesty Queen Kapiolani.—Leis.—Old Wahine with fish.—Tabu.—Hawaiian curiosities at the palace.—Feather robes.—Kahilis.—Queen Kapiolani's gift to Queen Victoria.

THE next day was ushered in brightly and noisily, the firing of guns and letting off of crackers going on without intermission.

The streets were gaily decorated with bunting, and numbers of arches erected, some of them very pretty. The oddest was the Chinese one, which was very large. in the shape of a pagoda, and quite brilliant in its effect at a distance by dint of lanterns of every shape and form, paper flowers of every hue, and numerous strange looking objects, of which the "reason why" would be known to a Chinaman only. On all sides, in letters of flowers, bunting, etc., appeared the words, "Aloha"—"Aloha nui"—which is the general salutation of Hawaiian welcome and greeting.

At mid-day we took up a position near the gates opening into the. grounds surrounding the King's

new palace, which was then in an unfinished state, to watch the procession, which was to be held in honour of the King's return. Presently the strains of the band were heard and the long stream of natives began to pass, clad in every colour of the rainbow, profusely be-ribboned, and carrying large silken banners, gorgeously embroidered and bearing mottoes in English and Hawaiian ; one of these inscriptions roused our curiosity, being "Hail, David," till we found that David was the King's English name.

One old native, bent and gray, carried a lighted torch, made of some hard, yellow nuts called ku-kui, very oily and idflammable, which were bound together at the top of a large staff. The custom of bearing a lighted torch in the day-time is a right belonging only to those who can claim true descent from the High Chiefs, or relationship with the royal family. We saw but the one, so apparently the connection was not a large one !

Without exception, men, women and children wore leis of flowers and leaves. We followed the crowd presently into the meadow-like grounds and sat down on the grass under a tree to watch the curious sight.

The sun shone down hotly as though it was June, and the white walls of the palace were quite dazzling. Behind the palace, a little to one side, were the houses of the King and Queen, long, low structures, with wide verandahs, enclosed with pink lattice work. At the top of the steps stood His Majesty, attired in snowy white, with his black head uncovered, and behind him stood several members of the royal family. His appearance was greeted with loud shouts of "Aloha! Aloha!" He made a speech in Hawaiian, and ended with a loud "Aloha," and then disappeared, the ladies being seen now and then through the lattice. The crowd dispersed about the grounds, sitting and lying under the trees, some eating and drinking, and each talking and chattering at the top of their voices, which when raised are anything but musical, but good nature seemed to reign, and the effect of the whole mass was that of jolly, dark faces, flashing eyes, gleaming white teeth, light dresses, and brilliant flowers, making a bright, tropical-like picture never to be forgotten.

In the evening, we returned to the palace grounds, where the crowd was more dense than even in the morning, especially in the vicinity of

the King's house, the verandahs and surrounding trees being brilliantly lit up.

We noticed a group of girls standing together dressed somewhat differently from others. They appeared to have white holokus on, but instead of being long and flowing, these were drawn up through a girdle of sweet-smelling leaves, forming a short, full skirt, their arms and feet were bare, with curious fur-like anklets, their hair hanging down with wreaths of flowers and leaves amongst it. These were the dancing girls, professional dancers, who were to perform during the evening for the amusement of the King and his friends.

There was a procession of some fire engines going on, and they filed in and passed before the King, who is intensely interested in the Honolulu Fire Brigade, rendering great service himself on many occasions. The Chinese have a very good engine amongst others.

Later in the week we were asked to go to a concert to be given on the occasion of opening the Royal Opera House, and of course we accepted the invitation gladly. The British vice-consul had kindly given us seats in his box, from which we had an excellent view of the whole house, including the royal box, which was opposite.

The concert itself was a good amateur one; no natives taking part in the programme.

One beautiful contralto voice thrilled the audience with the pathetic strains of "Three Fishers," and there was some unusually good playing on the piano.

The house is a pretty one, fitted up in bright crimson, and well lighted. Only two boxes, but both very large; in the one opposite was His Majesty, and his sisters, Princesses Lydia Lilliokalani, and Like-like, both very dark, and in evening dress. I could not help recalling the occasion of seeing King Kalakua in Her Brittannic Majesty's box at Covent Garden a few months before, where he had been watched with great interest by a London audience, listening to the great Diva.

Honolulu boasts, and rightly, of a most excellent band, composed entirely of natives, led and taught by a German band-master, whose untiring energy has brought out a great deal of musical Hawaiian talent. I always regarded Herr Berger, as the most wonderful man in Hawaii; when one knows the difficulty of inducing a native to stick to any one duty, one can only marvel at the patience and tact he must have possessed and exercised to attain the result he has. Not knowing the

Hawaiian language on arrival, he had not only to learn that well enough to speak it in an ordinary way, but he had, no doubt, to invent words, to make natives understand the use of instruments they had never seen. Herr Berger gets out all the new music, and it is indeed most delightful to listen to the strains of the band, mingled now and then with the voices, which take up certain parts, and sing them together. The men's dress was very effective, a combination of white trousers, scarlet tunics faced with black and gold, and white peaked caps, which must have taken their fancy amazingly, as Hawaiians in common with others of a tropical climate, love brightness of colour in every shape.

Herr Berger had also composed a national anthem, called "Hawaii Ponoi," which was extremely pretty, and rather stately, and was played at the royal entrance, and at the conclusion of a programme.

Every Saturday afternoon the band played in the pretty gradens of Emma Square, so named after the well known and well loved Queen Dowager; and sometimes moonlight nights would be rendered even more lovely in the Hotel grounds, by the band playing in a pavillion erected for them there

Honolulu by moonlight is indeed a "dream of beauty," sitting on the verandah of the hotel with the palms, ferns, flowering shrubs, and tall, feathery trees all silvered over, and the mountain throwing uncertain shadows, one felt that to be in a tropical country was a very charming experience.

This mountain seemed to rise almost immediately behind the town, and the lights and shadows were ever varying, now deep purple in the morning, growing brighter as the day wore on, until the setting sun made the peaks glow with roseate hues, and then fading with the rapidly descending, tropical twilight, and again bursting out with a new, soft beauty in the brilliant moonlight.

The excursion up this Pali or mountain was a very beautiful one; we were invited to join a large party going up to the point of view, and one fine morning had a delightful expedition.

Many of the young people were on horseback, and to witness perfect enjoyment, one has to see a Honolulu riding party; how they enjoy it? and how, oh how, they scamper! up hill, and down hill, anywhere and everywhere at full canter, with the reins held in a fashion mainly peculiar to themselves, very far out to one side, whips going—

spur often too. It was our first sight of a young lady riding astride like the natives; I got used to it by seeing it so often afterwards, but never could like it—I think it is too ungraceful a position for a white woman ever to become it, though we saw many excellent riders.

We mounted up, up, slowly enough at the last, until apparently not very far from the top, got out of the carriages, the young folks dismounting and tying up their horses, turned a corner of the road, and then, *what* a view from the bend of the hill before the path descended into the valley, lay before us. The sea was rolling calm and blue beyond, and between, were rice plantations with their tender green showing against the darker foliage of trees surrounding the white houses gleaming in the sunlight.

The coast-line bounded all this colour, and the dark, rugged background of the Pali made a beautiful picture, especially favoured as we were with a day of glorious sunshine and cool breezes.

Shortly after our arrival in the capital we were bidden to a luncheon party at Waikiki, a suburb about two miles from Honolulu, where King Kalakua has a pretty little country house, to which he

was very fond of resorting for a change from the affairs of state, and we were very much pleased to accept the kind invitation.

It was a lovely summer-like day as we drove down with Her Brittanic Majesty's Commissioner, who was always a most kind friend to us, and who was going to the luncheon also.

The drive itself was most enjoyable; out of the town, past beautiful palm groves, houses fairly embowered (I never realized the real meaning of that word till I saw Honolulu) in flowering shrubs and luxuriant creepers of all kinds, then through a rice plantation, along the sea-shore, with a magnificent grove of cocoa-nut palms towering their graceful heights on the other side of us, and finally turning in through a garden, we found ourselves in front of a pretty wooden house, painted white, with upper and lower green verandahs. On the steps stood the King to receive us, attired as usual in snowy white, with a big lei of yellow blossoms round his straw hat and another about his neck. His Majesty welcomed us most kindly, and then we were taken into a pretty drawing room and presented to Queen Kapiolani, a large, rather stout, woman, with a fine mass of jet black hair, dressed

in a handsome dress of fawn colored silk with a long train. The Queen did not speak English at all, but understood it fairly well, and, at all events made up for that by her cheery smile of welcome, shake of the hand, and most hearty "Aloha." She held a number of leis of sweet smelling flowers in her hand, which she presently gave to us, and we were each finally decorated with these indispensable additions to a native feast or party. The flowers are nearly always pulled off the stalk close to the head and strung together on some fine grass, the long ends of which are left to tie the lei on ; if the blossoms are small, several strings are put together, thus, mine on that occasion was made of the unopened buds of the white jessmine and the six or eight threads of the blossoms made up a lovely mass of odorous ivory beads ; others were of the yellow ginger, roses, marigolds, etc. The custom is a graceful pretty one, and with the ladies' light summer dresses they always looked well, but with a gentleman's conventional attire of morning dress they looked out of keeping, and those unfortunates who disliked the strong perfume, generally contrived to get rid of the leis as soon as possible.

The dining-room was a good-sized room, exceedingly pretty, with walls and ceilings painted white

and pink, the latter being made something like the roof of a tent; matting on the floors, cane furniture and lace curtains, made up a "harmonious whole."

The luncheon table was covered with flowers, and everything was most tastefully prepared. Curry, made of shrimps, which abound among the rocks, and flavoured with cocoa-nut, was served in the middle of the menu, and the rice, limes and chutney of mangoes, served separately, as the proper accompaniments. The curry, by the way, was pro nounced by one of the guests as being the best he had ever tasted out of India. Another dish which seemed to find favour with the gentlemen, was composed of caviare spread on small delicate biscuits, and on the top of each, a fresh raddish nicely prepared. Ices were served in small bowls of Japanese lacquer work, and magnificent fruits concluded the repast. Afterwards we all adjourned to the garden, where, while sitting under the cocoa palms, with the rolling of the Pacific heard close to us, coffee and cigarettes were brought. The lovely warmth of the day, and the soft air made it very hard to realize that it was the middle of November. Truly, life in the tropics has charms of its own, when one thinks of the cold north-east blasts in contrast. Amongst the friends gathered at lun-

cheon that day were Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, whose splendid steam yacht was then in harbour, I believe then the largest afloat, and which naturally created great interest, though the "Sunbeam" had been a former visitor to Honolulu some years previously. Mr. Lambert's anecdotes were always amusing, and while listening to some of his stories, we were suddenly aware of the presence of an old native woman crawling across the grass on her knees, holding a dish of freshly-caught fish of the most extraordinarily brilliant colours. They reminded me of some I had once seen in Bermuda, but these were even more wonderful in their opaline hues. The wizzened old creature held up the dish in front of the King, still crouching at his feet, and we all admired with the genuine admiration of strangers. At a nod from His Majesty, she fell almost flat on her chest and writhed (there is no other word to express her motions) out of the garden laughing and chattering to herself. The servants were all natives, and probably friends, who would see that the old woman did not go away unrewarded. In old times no one could approach a high chief except by crawling, and in addition, had to take the risk of finding him in good humour. If in a bad temper and the chief chose to move so

that his shadow fell on the person approaching, that person, be it he or she, became *tabu*, which signifies more than our word taboo, for once falling under tabu meant not only being shunned, but not allowed to touch anything belonging to others, and to live how they could, on what they could, apart from all. If the chief happened to be in a very bad humour he would order the tabued creature to be killed. Instant death followed such an order.

Mr. Lambert had an artist friend with him on board the yacht who had wished to sketch some of these rainbow-colored fish, but I imagine the vivid hues would have faded before they could have been transferred to canvas.

On taking our leave, the King said he was then going into the town to shew Mr. and Mrs. Lambert some ancient Hawaiian curiosities which were at the palace, and most kindly invited us to accompany them. We considered ourselves most fortunate, as now-a-days, unless in the houses of the high chiefs, one cannot see any good native work.

Accordingly we drove back to the town behind His Majesty's carriage, and in a short time drew up in front of the lattice-worked verandah which we had seen on the day of the procession. The door,

as usual, opened at once into the drawing-room, and here were the cabinets containing the interesting relics of ancient Hawaii, and there was a goodly show indeed. Rolls of the finest tapa cloth, of which the dresses of both men and women used to be made, were unfolded for inspection. This tapa is made by beating the fibres of certain bark into a pulp, by means of a heavy mallet of wood or stone on a large flat log, and when pulled and stretched to the desired thickness and width, the pulp is left to dry in the sun, and when in condition for it, is dyed various colours and patterns, some of which are most ingenious. Sometimes Grecian borders; wedge shaped figures ; round, square and triangular figures ; dots, crosses, fine lines and coarse ones ; red, black, fawn and yellow, were the favourite colours, which, no doubt were made from herbs and plants. The tapa is seldom or never made now, though in old days, the malos of the men, and skirts for the women were made of many folds of the cloth, as well as coverings of all kinds ; but that industry has passed away with the arrival of American and English prints and calicoes ; and the valleys resound no more to the tap-tap of the tapa mallet. We saw beautiful calabashes ; bowls of elaborately carved cocoa-nut, shining like ebony, quantities of fragrant

sandal-wood. A perfect model of a native grass hut quite small, but most exact in each detail, was much admired, as were also the immense strings of tiny white shells, only found on Niihau, and which formed a lei to be worn by royalty. Massed together, these shells have a curious appearance, and we were told that when Queen Emma was presented to Her Brittannic Majesty, her enormous necklace of Niihau shells created quite a sensation.

The great feather robe was also produced ; and it was indeed a wonder, as large as a counterpane, and made of millions of tiny gold coloured feathers, taken from a small black bird, called the Ooo, under the wings of which are found only two small yellow feathers.

These feathers are woven into a fine kind of twine or fibrous lace work, one feather laid over the other, each feather only one inch long, and of the most brilliant gold colour imaginable. This robe had a broad border of sapphire blue satin, which threw the gold colour into high relief, the peculiar lustre being shown to great advantage. It was a most beautiful and wonderful piece of work, and no doubt took years to accomplish. The very ancient cloak only worn by the Kammehame has

by the wish of the Queen Dowager been buried with the last king of direct descent from that line of chiefs.

The value of this cloak is of course not estimable in money, as probably the secret of making them will be lost in years to come, and besides this, the little bird which used to be in such myriads in Hawaii, is fast disappearing before the ruthless gun of the sportsman.

Another ornament of feathers was also interesting, though perhaps in another way! This was a strip of the fibrous canvas of about two yards in length and perhaps eight inches wide, also covered with the gold feathers, but with a double border of bright crimson feathers; and laid across the strip at regular intervals, were rows of shining human teeth! It gave one an uncanny kind of shiver! His Majesty hastened to tell us of the old custom of which this is a relic, of extracting the teeth from any chief after death on the battle-field, and thus preserving them as a sign of prowess, for posterity to gaze and wonder at. Perhaps for more reasons than one, as the teeth themselves were magnificent, as nearly all Hawaiian teeth are.

The tall Kahilis, or rods of white feathers with long handles of tortoiseshell, to be borne before the monarch on occasions of state, also were shown to us—and after conveying our warmest thanks to Their Majesties for the kindness extended to us, we left the palace with a bright remembrance of one of the happiest days spent in Honolulu.

I have before me now, a picture of the jubilee gift of the Queen of Hawaii, to Queen Victoria. It is a royal monogram of large size, formed of the lovely gold feathers of the Ooo, surrounded by a wreath or border of gold and crimson feathers, the work of Queen Kapiolani's own hands. The monogram is mounted on royal blue plush, set in a frame of gold, with the Royal arms, and the arms of the Queen of Hawaii on either side. The outer border of blue is set with golden stars of eight points, representing the eight islands of the Sandwich group. Above is the Royal Crown and cushion set with diamonds. Thousands of feathers were used in the manufacture of this gift; which must have been interesting, even amongst that marvellous display witnessed by so many of Her Majesty's subjects during the jubilee exhibition.

CHAPTER III.

The yacht "Wanderer."—Mr. Lamberts' invitation to Queen Emma.—Poi. — Taro patches. — Method of making poi.—Method of eating it.—Excellent food.—Poi dogs.—Taro flour.—Chinese making poi.

THE visit of the steam yacht "Wanderer" was a source of great pleasure to the people of Honolulu. Mr. and Mrs. Lambert were most kind and hospitable in their invitations, one of which we were delighted to avail ourselves. To my inexperienced eyes, it was as much unlike a "yacht" as anything could well be; everything in such stately order, and room for everything and everybody. We greatly admired the beauty and convenience of all the arrangements. The cabins were most charming little bedrooms, the saloon a most comfortable diningroom, while the upper saloon was like a veritable museum, on account of all the curiosities which had been collected from all quarters of the globe, and suspended at every angle conceivable from the walls and ceilings; delightful seats everywhere, and afternoon tea, made us feel very much at home indeed. The "Wanderer" was said at that time to be the largest steam yacht afloat, but even her capacities were overtaxed, when, on Mr.

Lambert kindly offering to convey Queen Emma to Hilo on Hawaii, Her Majesty graciously accepting the courtesy, she sent word that she must bring a few attendants, and made her appearance with no less then eighteen followers in her suite! However, a native can sleep anywhere, with no other provisions than a mat and a calabash of poi.

This poi (pronounced with a short, sharp accent, indescribable to those who have not heard Hawaiian) is the staple food of the native, made from the root of the taro, I believe, a species of caladium, and which is grown in great quatities on all the islands. Anyone can see "patches" as they are always called, during a ride along the banks of any stream, or skirting a valley wherein the native loved to make his home. I say loved, for the once fertile valleys are now deserted, with only the traces of the terraces where, in the old days, the taro flourished in profusion. These terraces are often carried down the slope of a hill, so that a stream of water can, by an ingenious system of canals, be easily diverted from one to another, without any great exertion, a thing which the Hawaiian abhors with a holy horror. The root is planted from the stems with the young leaves, which are first put in mounds of rich, bog-like earth, and when the root has

formed, are transplanted into rows some inches apart, the water is then turned into the irrigating ditches, and the plants left till fit for use. A hill side covered with a succession of these taro patches is a fresh cool thing to look at, each patch being outlined by banks of grass, on which one can walk from one terrace to another. When ready for use the roots are pulled up bodily with the stems and leaves adhering, the young stalks being boiled as a vegetable called luau, and the old leaves form a nourishing food for the dearly beloved pig, which animal plays as important a part in a native household, as in that of a Paddy! The taro root is boiled over the fire which, as a rule is made in a hole in the ground outside the house, and when soft enough to have the tough, fibrous skin pulled off is placed in a large wooden bowl, almost flat —very like an ordinary mincing board ; generally hollowed out of one piece of wood. The natives, sometimes women, sometimes men, then take up their position on either side of the board, sitting *a la Turque*, each with a heavy stone mallet, and break up the smoking pile of roots into a thick, heavy paste, in which condition it is called pai-ai. Before it is to be eaten, it is stirred with the addition of cold water to the consistence of thick

sago, left to ferment for a few days, until it gets the sour taste supposed to be correct, and then put into calabashes, (perhaps one for the general table) and the whole family assemble to enjoy it. One often sees a circle seated on the ground near a hut, at all hours of the day, with a huge calabash of poi in the middle. Each native, man, woman or child, dips two fingers, (the more grimy the better) into the glutinous mass, and with a kind of double twist gather as much as possible, and throwing back the head, the fingers are placed in the mouth, and the food sucked off them with immense gusto. I was anxious when I first went to the islands to witness the performance of eating poi, but having once seen it, never cared to repeat the experiment. It was a horrible sight to strange eyes, though one must admit that the rapidity with which the whole thing is done, is indeed astounding. Poi has all the elements necessary to nourishment, and is often ordered to invalids as being remarkably easy of digestion. Many white people like it much, especially with salt fish or meat, but they, I need scarcely mention, eat it in a different manner to the native. Children consume quantities of poi mixed with milk and sugar. There is a kind of taro which is pink in

colour, but which is kept for the king or high chief's use; and a friend who travelled much on Hawaii with His Majesty, told us the poi produced from it was particularly delicate and good. The Hawaiians have also what are called Poi dogs, which are in appearence very much the same as small white French poodles, these are greatly petted, fed on nothing but poi, until they are of the desired age, and then—horrible thought! are eaten as a special delicacy, but I must say I never heard of one English visitor being induced to taste poi dog, unless mayhap, under false pretences!

There is now a manufactory for making flour from the taro, which it is claimed will make excellent poi, as well as cake, bread and blanc-mange, but it is not so satisfying or nourishing as the food made from the root itself.

Poi is made by the Chinese, and sold in all stages by them, a common sight in the streets of Honolulu being a Chinaman, in his queer, loose blue garments, legs bare from the knees, and a big straw hat, bearing on his shoulders a pole at either end of which, is suspended a five gallon kerosene tin can, filled with pai-ai or poi, which is retailed to the native who is too lazy to make his own food. Passing along the Chinese

quarters one day, I peeped in an open door, and there beheld two Chinamen, one on either side of a huge tin bath, pounding away with all their might at poi, their yellow skins shining with the exertion, and very little clothing on ; the day was hot, and the little shop was hotter still, I shuddered, notwithstanding the heat, and did not envy the consumers of that poi !

One small taro patch will almost keep a native in food, the poi being generally made once a week ; the root is very good boiled or baked, and broken in pieces, is a mottled purple colour, and is a standard vegetable at almost every table in the islands.

CHAPTER IV.

Voyage between Honolulu and Ranai.—Home at Rapaa.—Arrival at Kilawee.—"Wailele Hale."—Garden there.—Different Fruits.—Flowers.—Trees.—Variety of colour in Landscape.

SHORTLY after the festivities in honour of King Kalakua's return were over, we departed for Kauai, "The Garden Island," as it is called, where our plantation home was. The small, and then, most uncomfortable inter-island steamer left at about five in the afternoon, and we were on board the tossing little boat in good time to watch the curious scene about us.

Any steamer leaving the wharf at Honolulu is a source of immense interest always to the natives; they are very fond of travelling from one island to another, and invariably accompany their friends for a final leave-taking. The chattering and laughing is also mingled often with the shedding of tears and wailing, in both of which accomplishments the Hawaiian excels. They can command tears without any provocation, and it is a most curious sight to see two old women meet on a wharf, not having

seen each other for some time. They will cry "Aloha"—embrace in the fondest manner, and with a jerk of their Holokus (peculiar to themselves, and not to be described in words alone), sit down in the dust *à la Turque*, throw their arms around each other's portly form, and forthwith begin a swaying motion, the tears pouring down their brown faces, with hats on the back of their heads from which the black hair streams, and wailing at intervals, with a long cry, low at the beginning, and getting louder and louder, till it finally sinks away to silence, only to be raised again immediately, in precisely the same manner.

After several minutes' duration the wailing would stop as suddenly as it had begun; the tears dry up, and the much loved pipe, black, short and very dirty would make its appearauce. One of the friends would produce the rank, strong tobacco which is grown plentifully on the islands, fill and light up, take a whiff or two, and present it to the other, who would follow suit; their countenances clear as if by magic, and presently the old ladies would rise, take each other by the hand, and march off together to see some mutual acquaintance, where in all probability the whole performance would be repeated. In travelling, they always take

their mats with them, and generally some gourds of poi. With these they are quite independent, and on getting on board they at once disappear behind the curtain of matting, which is supposed to divide the steerage from the cabin. If the weather be smooth, they will laugh, talk and chatter most of the night, in all likelihood playing cards, of which they are passionately fond. But, generally speaking, the passage is a rough one; and being bad sailors, as a rule, the results are not, strictly speaking, pleasant. Cabin passengers are each given a narrow, clean mattress, and two pillows, to be placed on deck and one has to make the best of this scanty accommodation. Meals are served in the dark, musty little saloon below, but I never descended, even to explore these regions. One could take fruit, biscuits, etc., and thus be tolerably comfortable.

Very early the next morning we anchored some distance from the low shore, and between the steamer and wharf there appeared to me to be a very angry looking stretch of sea. Presently a large boat was brought to the side of the steamer, rowed by natives, and a little gangway was let down for the passengers to descend by. The Captain jumped in first, and as I grasped the ropes,

wondering if I should not drop into the sea instead of the boat, which was bobbing about far beneath me in a most uncomfortable, wobbling kind of fashion, I felt two strong arms seize me, and a voice saying, in a strong American accent, "Just leave yourself to me, and let go!" which I immediately did, and was deposited at once on a very rough wooden seat, with my feet far from the ground! If one can use such an expression with regard to a boat! The Captain remarked in a tone of satisfaction, "If the lady who sprained her foot last week in trying to help herself had done what you did and 'let *go*,' she would have been all right now." So my advice to unwary lady travellers is to "let go" when you are told. An old, rather stout lady, who had come on another occasion by the same steamer, happened to tell me that when she was hanging mid-way between the sea and boat, that the Captain remarked cheerfully, "Now, ma'am, you just leave go and skip!" "But, Captain," she cried, "my skipping days are over." "Never mind, ma'am, you just skip, and I'll fix you!"

We danced over the surf into smooth water, and on landing found that a large rockaway with a pair of mules had been most kindly and thoughtfully sent to meet us by a friend, to convey us over

the fifteen miles which lay between us and our destination.

But first we availed ourselves of a most hospitable invitation to take breakfast with Mrs. Dole, wife of the manager of Kapaa plantation, on which we now were. Their pretty home stood on a high hill, visible for miles about, and from the plateau in front of the house could be seen one of the finest views on the island. Mr. Dole, who had come with us from Honolulu, preceded us by a short cut, a bridle path, up which he rode, and we followed more slowly by a road which wound gradually up to the house itself, and at the door stood Mrs. Dole to welcome us. Such a bonnie sweet face, with the loveliest golden brown hair and fair complexion, which shewed no traces of the hot sun and salt winds, to which she had been accustomed all her life. The house was a large one with a huge verandah running round three sides, one big sitting room the width of the house, opening at once at both ends on the verandah, and a dining room in the same way; beyond the sitting rooms were bedrooms, some opening only on to the verandah; the kitchens were a little beyond the house, as is the case almost universally; and a few hundred yards away were a couple of tiny cottages, each with one

room—a dressing room—and a verandah. These cottage rooms are generally kept for visitors, and a most sensible fashion, (when so many houses are built on one floor), thus ensuring peaceful solitude, if wished, for one's island friends.

Mr. Dole's hospitable table was a picture to be remembered; the fine, stalwart figure and kind face of the master of the house, the sweet, fresh looks of the wife, and no less than eight blooming young faces gathered round. We were very hungry and did full justice to the good fare, with appetites sharpened by the see breezes, and in less than an hour afterwards we had said good-bye to our friends and were on our way to Kilauea. But many a pleasant day did I spend afterwards with them. Nothing could exceed the true kindness with which we were treated at that house, and I think we all felt a bitter pang when we finally said farewell.

The drive from Kapaa was a very beautiful one, though very tiring, from the number of hills to be surmounted, or, as they say in Hawaii, "gulches crossed." The mules galloped up and down hill and walked on the level, a mode of travel remarkable to my unused eyes. Fording was another

experience, not pleasant; the water apparently going one way and you striving for another is not the most delightful sensation; however, we conquered all obstacles, and the day was still young when we turned in at a wooden gate, which was surmounted by an arch of evergreens as a welcome. I saw several flags flying from different parts of the plantation, also in our honour, and in a few minutes we passed under another arch and drew up in front of "Wailele Cottage," or "Wailele Hale," as the natives called it, meaning "House by the Waterfall." The house was most beautifully situated, almost on the brink overlooking the Kilauea River, which rushed down from the lovely fall just above the house.

The river was very wide just opposite the side verandah, and looking down the high bank the ferns and foliage were in lovely profusion.

In the marshy land across the river, at the foot of the bank was a splendid grove of bannanas, of an especially good kind, and many a feast did we have from them.

The verandahs were soon covered with creepers; passion flowers of a deep purple colour grew in wild

luxuriance, as also honey suckle and begonia.vanusta, the last a most gorgeous climber, bearing blossoms of a deep gold colour. A hedge of scented geranium ran up on each side of the pathway to the gate; double scarlet geraniums with enormous blossoms, pink begonias, oleanders all flourished; a bed of variegated caladium marked a damp corner; shrubs of scarlet hibiscus, and clumps of the Australian castor oil trees made bits of colour, and handsome stalks of sunflowers stood up in all their glory. Tuberoses grew beautifully, marigolds of every shade of yellow; and balsams, which were unwittingly planted, grew in such prolific quantities that we had to have a periodical rooting up; also vincas; some cocoa palms from Tahiti, the nuts given to us by a friend, and a tiny grove of orange trees soon promised well. A large tree of mangoes gave delicious fruit, and a huge grove of Oheas gave us the cool juicy mountain apples.

At a distance of about two miles was a capital grove of lime trees, and one of the favourite expeditions was a visit to the grove, on horseback, well armed with saddle-bags.

Arrived there, or rather as close to the valley, in

which the grove was, as we could get, we would dismount, scramble down the hill, whereon grew several fine bread-fruit trees, and after many struggles with the thorn-covered branches of the lime trees, we would emerge, victorious, and laden with the green and golden spoil. The limes were quite as good as lemons, and if they had been left to attain full growth would, no doubt, have been as large, but the Portuguese labourers liked them as well as we did, with the lamentable result that after a fine Sunday or public holiday (of which there were many) we would find that our favourite grove had been well ransacked.

Guavas grew in quantities also close to our home; they are a lovely fruit to look at with their golden skin, and when opened disclose a brilliant pink colour with dozens of seeds packed close together. There are different varieties, some soft and sweet, some sharply acid, and again others, called the strawberry guava, from its resemblance in flavour to that fruit. The guava grows on a shrub of varying height, bearing fruit when very small; the leaf not unlike a birch, and the blossom white, with a scent and appearance akin to the syringa.

Excellent jelly and marmalade are made from guavas, as well as other dishes. I well remember a good planter of Mauai telling me his wife had sent one hundred pounds of guava jelly, of her own making, to her people in Norway as a Christmas present, not a cheap one either, as the express, etc., was $1.00 a pound.

The papaia tree is another well-known in Kauai, and we had a number of our own planting. This tree has several good qualities to recommend it in a tropical climate. It grows with astonishing rapidity, a plant from seed shooting up in a few months to a full-grown tree; the leaves which are long, with curiously cut-out edges, grow from the tops, gathering themselves together and springing out in form not unlike an umbrella tree, with the fruit hanging in a great clump immediately beneath.

The latter vary in size, the largest being that of an ordinary melon, with a smooth hard skin, and slightly pear-shaped. As the fruit gets a slightly yellow colour, it is picked and in a few days is fit for use. When cut open in the middle, the two halves are found full of small round seeds, which are carefully removed, leaving about an inch of the yellow flesh, and when these hollows

are filled with sugar and lime juice, and baked, the dish is a most appetizing one, and one which never failed to find favour with our friends.

The toughest meat if wrapped in the papaia leaves will become tender after such treatment, and a valuable medicine is made from the fruit itself, which alone has an anti-scorbutic effect. Aligator pears have a great attraction for many, these have a tough greenish brown skin, and the soft white meat is taken out and spread on bread, eaten with salt and pepper.

Hawaiian oranges are delicious, and a kind German having given us permission to invade his kuliana, or vegetable and fruit garden, we drove over to it, to find orange trees of enormous height, with their golden fruit lying in heaps which we lessened considerably; they grow wild in many parts of the islands and bear in profusion. And, can anyone imagine anything much more poetic in idea, or delicious in flavour, than honey made from orange blossoms? A friend told me that at certain times of the year, the bees used to gather their material from the orange groves on her father's ranche, and that honey was always known as the "orange-blossom honey," most idyllic, that! The

bread fruit tree (I wonder *why* bread fruit? As unlike that staple production of northern climes as anything can well be!) is a very fine, handsome tree, with large irregular leaves growing in bunches, and the round, knotty fruit growing singly. It must be picked in a certain condition of ripeness to be eaten, as if left until it is yellow, it falls to the ground to be found quite decayed. So when it is desired for the table, a native or South Sea Islander is sent on a climbing expedition, and soon discovers one with the proper greenish yellow hue, a hole is cut in the rind to the required depth, and filled with salt; it is then baked, in the coals if possible, and broken into rough pieces when dished.

To my taste it was anything but nice, and in fact I thought I had by mistake got on my plate some bad sweet potatoes once, when dining at a friends, and naturally said nothing of it, when I heard my neighbor remark to our hostess, "Well! I do think that is the very nicest bread fruit I ever tasted!" All my ideas anent the bread fruit in the "Swiss Family Robinson," were immediately put to flight, and I never cared to repeat the experiment.

Everything nearly grows almost without care and culture, and a small amount of trouble will repay the flower and fern lover in a marvellous fashion. A few tea boxes filled with fern roots made a lovely window garden, and for months they flourished, throwing out fresh fronds as the old ones decayed.

The tree ferns in the damp depths of the mountain forest were a wonderful sight, the golden brown vieing with the brilliant green of the great drooping fronds ; and one day a Chinaman brought me a most curious plant, which grows parasite-fashion around the forest trees. The stalk was long with rings around it. A huge scarlet cup of a very brillant colour, had long drooping edges, which seemed to fade off into a pale green, the tips being quite eighteen inches in length, inside the cup were three enormous brown stamen, as large as the very biggest cigar, and much the same in appearance ; it was a very curious and beautiful plant. A native told me it was called the ii (ee-ee), and only grew in warm, damp places.

The only tree which to me had a familiar look, were some tall, thin tapering yews, or what were very like them ; at the foot of a steep bank close

to Wailele were three of these trees planted close together, by an early settler, and their churchyard appearance was more evident, when I discoveerd that there were in olden days two graves on that spot. Certainly the luxuriance and variety of vegetation is forcibly suggested by the varying tints of green in a Hawaiian view. I remember Miss Bird speaking of this in her "Six months in the Sandwich Islands," and fully agree with all she says as to the extreme beauty of the foliage there, though perhaps no colour but green may be seen for miles. The ragged—always ragged—leaves of the banana have a deep green, slightly yellowish tint; the cocoanut palm has even more yellow in its feathery tops; the *Ohia*, or mountain apple, has the rich green of an oak, the *maille*, mangoe, and lime trees the same; while the *kukui* is a light, almost pea-green colour. The *pauhala* or *cauhala* (co-ha-la) is, while a sapling very like a young aloe, the leaves being long, pointed, and of two shades of green; in growing it assumes a curious shape, the main trunk throwing out straggling branches and clumps of leaves, each clump, like a separate plant, growing at the ends of these strange-looking arms; at a distance they are very

tropical in appearance. The *koa* is an ugly tree, but the wood is beautiful in appearance, and is much prized for furniture. At one time sandal wood was found in great quantities in the Islands, but from sheer carelessness the tree has almost disappeared. The magnolia is especially admired from its lovely white blossoms, set like ivory jars among the thick glossy leaves of deep shining green.

CHAPTER V.

Servants!—Chinese Family.—Mary Mahoi.—Ah Sam and his Pretty Bride.—Portugese.—Da Souza.—German Servants.—Ah See and his Antics.—Chinese New Year.—"Salt Eggs."—Opium Smoking.—Hing Hoi and his Music!—Sin Fat.—Chinese Gamblers.—Theives.—Scribblings—Decorations.—Japanese Servants.

NO question now-a-days raises much more interest in a household than that of Servants! Even in the most civilized countries one has to confront this, to the mistress of the house, important problem and consider the best way of solving it.

How much more then must the stranger, accustomed to the comfort of the modern "Registry Office for Servants," feel the weight of this question on arriving in a far off land like Hawaii! where, except in the capital, Honolulu, one must take what is presented, and be thankful if patience and temper will alike hold out during the weary work of training a new "hand" or "help" as the servants were often called; ignorant of each other's language even; and the knowledge that the mere necessaries of every day comfort must seem to those

to be taught, the most uncalled for and absurd superfluities of existence.

The large number of Chinese in the Islands, and the almost impossibility of making the natives into the most ordinary domestics, render it generally the best thing to do, to employ Chinamen altogether, inside and outside the house. On my first arrival at our house I found a family of Chinese Christians had been provided for my comfort ; they were considered a wonderfully lucky chance, and had been living in a very small bachelor household for some months in the hope of proving thoroughly competent servants, which hope, however, was soon dashed to the ground.

The family consisted of one old woman, who was supposed to look after the poultry, her daughter, engaged as genaral indoor servant, and her husband, who was cook, also their two small children.

They all lived in two rooms outside the house, and thought a great deal of themselves, as they were "Christians," the younger woman having been brought up by the family of the Anglican Bishop of Demerara, from whence they had come to Hawaii.

Ting was the name of the man, Emily that of

his wife, and I never heard what name the old woman went by; Ting appeared delighted to see me, laughing and nodding a great deal; Emily likewise beamed on me, and the grandmother kept in the distance with the two children clinging to her, grinning a friendly welcome.

The two women were clad in the short full trousers and long jacket made of dark blue linen, fastened with tiny round buttons, common to all ordinary classes of Chinese women; the old woman had a blue cloth covering disposed in folds on her head and falling about her face, but Emily's black locks were arranged in a most complicated coiffure, held together by long silver pins and a big comb. Both women had bare feet and wore silver or metal bangles on their arms.

Ting was an excellent cook like many of his race, and could make most appetizing dishes out of almost nothing, but his kitchen was best beheld from a distance! Emily was both lazy and impertinent, flatly refusing to do any work at all after two o'clock, and in a few days we found out that they had been merely making use of the house given to them, and had been making their own arrangements to go off as soon as they found they

could not do exactly as they liked ; so we parted with no very kind feelings, and so ended our one experience of Christian Chinese, Christian only in name, I fear.

I had profuse offers of help from the daughter of the native minister, Mary Mahoi by name, a tall, stout girl with a very black face and quantities of frizzy black hair ; she bore a good character, and I thought I would try and make a servant out of her ; so I tried and, like many others, failed in the attempt. She agreed to come at eight o'clock every morning and stay as long as I wanted her. At the first visit to arrange matters, Mary sat, I should say, for quite two hours looking at me, and saying at intervals in a funny kind of "coaxing way," "I'm awful glad to come and help you ;" my ignorance of the custom of being often obliged to tell a native visitor that it was time to go, preventing me from doing what I thought might hurt the girl's feelings, and I was only relieved from my post by the entrance of some one who was more familiar with Hawaiian etiquette. For the first three days Mary appeared punctually, and my hopes ran high ; the fourth morning she did not come till ten o'clock ; the fifth her mother sent for

her long before her work was done, and after that, the novelty of her situation having worn off, her days were scattered over broad intervals, and I was obliged to own that native "help" was beyond me! Mary would go off to a wood close by and make long wreathes of ferns and flowers and I would find them disposed gracefully about the table and over the toilet glass. One day when I was in what is called in Island parlance a "great pilikia," meaning trouble of any description, the Chinese cook having run off, Mary promised, in answer to my pathetic appeals, that she would come without fail; but not a bit of it; she never appeared until three days afterwards, when I saw her in a dirty holoku and bare feet, coming in the back verandah looking very sheepish, and on my asking her the reason of her non-appearance, she replied her "mother had company;" evidently their company was of infinitely more importance than my wishes, so I gave up the idea for ever of being able to implant the word "duty" in that direction, though Mary and I were always great friends, and she wept freely when I told her we were going away. I took great interest in her, giving her books to read and neat articles of attire to put on her fat person, without much effect, however, as all her pocket money

went in silver bangles, rings, etc., which she always brought to shew me. One day I met her walking up the plantation holding a large parasol over her head, which was extremely funny, as the sun does not exist that a native cannot enjoy with impunity.

Every few months Mary used to bring one or two hats for the gentlemen, made by herself from the tassel of the sugar cane, and very light and nice they were. She had two sisters married to white men, mechanics, and was very anxious to be the bride of another herself, but I fear her wish was never realized.

Many native women do marry white men, but the custom is not so frequent now as it was some time ago. Chinamen also marry native wives, and are generally very good to them, giving them servants, horses and all necessaries of comfort to Hawaiians, poi, fish, etc. A Chinaman who had a large "store" a few miles from Kilauea, wherein he did a large trade in the dearly loved forbidden fruit of the native, viz., whiskey and gin, married an extremely pretty half-white girl who was known as "Carry," and Mary came one day to tell me of the festivities which were to celebrate the wedding.

The young lady was to be married at her future

home, and the bridegroom was to give a right royal feast, for which the most extensive preparations were being made; a pavilion, or lanai as it is called, was erected for the ceremony, and vast quantities of roast pig, fish, cooked and uncooked, sweet potatoes, poi, all the delicacies known were to be displayed. Mary's father was to officiate in the Hawaiian language, as Chinese nearly all speak that tongue as well as their own lingo.

"And what will Carry wear, Mary?" "Oh, a beautiful white satin holoku trimmed with white lace, and a long train, all tied back like the Alii's (white chief's) dress."

"Dear me," I said, knowing the high prices asked for the simplest dress, "and how much will she pay for it?" "Eighty dollars, ma'am," said Mary, "and Carry has got a black silk holoku and a red one." "Why, a regular trousseau," I said. "Has Carry got a lot of money?" "No, ma'am," said Mary, grinning to shew all her big white teeth; "Ah Sam (the Chinaman) *he* give it all." "What, before he marries," I cried. "Yes, ma'am," said Mary, chuckling greatly at my astonishment, "and Ah Sam *he* give all the luau too, and he have Carry's father and mother to live with him,

too." An accommodating husband, I thought; for I had seen Carry's mamma, who was a huge, fine-looking native, not one who would be very likely to do very much for herself or anyone else. Carry was quite a picture, as we would meet her riding in a deep Mexican saddle, wearing a bright crimson holoku, a straw hat wreathed with flowers, perched on the top of a small, well shaped head, and a big lei of leaves round her shoulders. She was a very haughty looking damsel, and very rarely vouchsafed a smile in return for our aloha. Ah Sam was not an ideal bridegroom in his appearance, being fat and greasy, wearing his hair cut in a fringe on his forehead and a long queue. He sent me a present of some chickens at the time of the wedding (probably repaying himself from my poultry yard.)

Mary having failed us so lamentably, I was obliged to revert to the services of Chinese, and many odd experiences we had. Portuguese make good servants when trained, but there are not enough of them, and they were good labourers in the field, so my trials of that nation were few.

A man called Manuel da Souza, and his wife Jivita were bright examples of thrift, honesty and cleanliness. I taught Souza easily so that he

became a most excellent, faithful servitor to the time of our departure, filling up the gaps left by the many Chinamen, (who would run away at a moment's notice) with the utmost cheerfulness. Victorina was a Portuguese of immense size and strength, and would come and help me whenever asked, and has often sent messages through Souza, (from whom we have heard more than once) to the "Signora."

Again, a German woman, Dorotea, was a capital servant, and she was very loth to leave us, but her husband was determined to try his fortune in New Zealand, so with many tears on Dorotea's part she had to go with him.

After Ting and his family had departed, our next experiment was "Charlie,"—a raw hand out of the fields, but he wished to go back to the field work soon He spoke very broken English, and when he had to go off to the baker on the plantation, would always tell me he "was going to get bled!"

Ah See followed him, and was with us nearly a year. A most excellent servant was Ah See, a funny-looking little fellow, very quick and active

and cooking the plain food attainable, in such a way as to be really delicious at times.

He had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and I was always in doubt as to whether the mistake he made in his cooking one evening was done on purpose, or as a bit of fun on his part to provoke us.

We were expecting two strangers to dine with us, and as on these occasions, one has frequently to depend on what Americans call "canned goods," I told Ah See to open a tin of curried fowl and serve it with the rice, which only a Chinaman can cook properly. These curries were always in tins covered with green paper, and Ah See knew their appearance perfectly. In the storeroom on another shelf I had put away some half dozen of "cherry tooth paste" which compound was much affected by one of the members of our household. These were white china pots, as unlike the tins of curry as could well be imagined.

Our friends arrived, and the inevitable beef having been removed, I was thinking the curry would be an agreeable change, and was pleased at the appearance it presented, when Ah See brought the dish in, with the limes and chutney all *de rigueur*, and put it down with a grand flourish, and then

stood beside his master's chair, with his usual demure look of attention. I was talking at the time the plate was put before me, and at first did not notice anything peculiar, but on tasting, oh, horrors! the first mouthful, it was evident something was wrong. I turned the mass over, and looked at it again and suddenly found what? "Cherry tooth paste!" I said with a gasp, "Ah See, what *did* you take the curry out of?" He made a kind of jump to the door, which opened on the verandah, rushed into the kitchen, and brought back the empty china pot!

"Yes Missee, yes Missee, you see cully all the same"—his face distorted by the true Chinese grin, quite charmed at his own handiwork.

We felt sure Ah See meant the whole thing as a delightful practical joke, though he would not allow it, but the expression of his face I shall never forget. There was nothing to do, of course, but to scold and laugh—our friends joining in heartily.

New Year is the great Chinese festival. It begins with the first moon in January, and every one who employs Chinese is obliged to give in to the universal custom, and allow their servants to go off for three days at least.

One day, the first of the festival, Ah See made his appearance dressed in the most ultra fashionable way. Someone had given him a white linen waistcoat which he had carefully buttoned *over* the white full coat usually worn by Chinamen; on top of this he had a wadded garment of blue silk with large sleeves; white trousers much too long for him, were turned up in several folds above his ankles, displaying the heavy shoes of embroidered felt; his head well shaved, and his queue wrapped neatly round it. But to crown the toilet he had got somewhere a very high stiff collar which he was endeavouring to fasten on a refractory button; having at last succeeded, he displayed himself with pride, shewing also a large silver locket which dangled at a long chain, at his waistcoat, and strutting round like a small bantam, he assured me he was, "Allee same as Melican man!" and went off beaming with complacency. One day he brought me a small lacquer work-box containing some eggs which had a very queer look, almost blue white, and on taking one up I found it quite solid. Ah See said they were "Salt eggs," and "welly good." I gave them back, and that evening the whole house was pervaded with a most awful odour, horrible! Ah See had been eating

these salt eggs, which were nothing more or less than putrid! The rest of the offensive articles were confiscated and thrown into the river at once, amidst wailings and tears from the little wretch.

We found that Ah See was gradually becoming an opium smoker, and one night finding him trucked up in bed smoking inside his mosquito curtains his master took possession of the long wooden pipe and tin of opium; he entreated to have the pipe returned, saying, "He was welly much flight one Chinaman killee him if he no give pipe back," and finally, finding his lamentations of no effect, he brought me three silver dollars and begged me to take them, buy some cigars for the master as a bribe, and, "Then, Missee, you give him cigars, he give me back pipe!"

At last, however, Ah See became such a victim to the opium, that we were obliged to have him sent to prison, but, on his trial by the native judge, was acquitted, as he bribed both Judge and lawyer alike, though the pipe was produced in Court as it had been found in his possession.

Opium is the great curse of the Chinese—they

lose their health, are unable to attend to their work or business, but still the drug has such a fascination for them that they cannot give it up. I have seen them with their faces the colour and appearance of parchment, their eyes heavy and dull, their hands trembling, and yet the pernicious habit is so strong that they are unable to avoid it.

The opium in the smoking state is like a thick black paste, with a heavy, sickly smell. This is lighted in a huge wooden pipe with a long stem and deep bowl ; a few whiffs are enough to produce the stupor neccessary to the smoker's enjoyment.

Ah See, was, apparently, something of a fire-worshipper, as one morning, when a Chinese feast was in progress on the plantation, we heard a tremendous cracking and fizzing, and on going out to enquire into the cause of the noise we found he had lighted two bundles of fire-crackers, which were going off in every direction, and Ah See, with his hands up to his forehead, was bowing and grimmacing to the crackers, as though they were so many spirits, and muttering what I supposed were charms against evil.

One servant we had, Hing Hoy by name, used to employ all his leisure moments twanging on a musical instrument with absolutely no tune whatever in it, but that appeared to make no difference to his enjoyment.

The last one was Sin Fat, a most excellent, clever servant, but a great thief, and with no regard whatever for the truth. He ran away one night, having bundled up all his belongings while we were at dinner, and, throwing them out of the window, he walked off and no policeman or sheriff, white man or native, could be induced to take the trouble to arrest him, though we knew he was on the plantation ; so we came to the conclusion, unwillingly, that his bribes had been especially tempting.

With Chinese servants one has to conform to the custom of letting them have at least two or three hours to themselves every day, and these recreations are frequently employed in gambling.

Chinamen are inveterate gamblers, and coming through the quarters on a pay day the clink of silver dollars can be heard all over, with the incessant cackle of the voices, as Chinamen always talk together ; they will gamble anything, clothes, trinkets, wages—anything they can get hold of.

They are also great thieves, anything in the shape of gold or silver is quite irresistible to them.

Sin Fat was left in charge once during our absence of some weeks, and everything was found in perfect order on our return ; but a day or two afterwards a lamp, clock, and mincing machine disappeared out of the kitchen ; Sin Fat declaring that "Some man, he come at night, and stealee him," and always thereafter, made a great show of locking the kitchen door, which was a precaution hitherto deemed quite unnecessary. We always put Sin Fat himself down as the thief, as he imagined himself free from suspicion ; but, I fear it was a case literally, of locking the stable after the horse had gone.

A friend of ours had a Chinaman called Tam, whom he thought all the world of, but he was sent away for opium smoking, and coming back one day when he knew the family were at dinner, he broke open a desk and stole a number of bank notes. Tam was arrested and searched, but nothing found, till his master noticing a look of anxiety in his face when they took up an under garment to shake again, said, "rip it open," which was accordingly done, and the money found neatly sewn into

the folds of the waistcoat, so Tam was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

They have a curious custom when leaving a place, to write in their queer hieroglyphics on a door, or perhaps the wall, any hints with regard to the habits of the family, they think may be of use to their successors; and it is as well to look well about before engaging a new servant, for these treacherous scribblings.

During the New Year they have processions to honour their saints, and on the plantation their joss houses are trimmed up with long lines of small flags of every hue hung on top of the roofs; the smell of pork cooking is savoury on the air, and the shop keepers have open houses for the three days. Those with whom you deal invariably bring offerings of the best they have; thus, the Chinaman who had the plantation "store," Kong Lung by name, sent us always a ham, a big box of *liches* (a kind of soft nut very sweet and nice), a bottle of vile brandy, jars of ginger, sometimes a caddy of tea, silk handkerchiefs and quantities of dried fruits.

They also grow plants of narcissus so as to have them in bloom at that time, and the china pots and

dishes full of the yellow and white flowers, look very sweet and fresh.

Cards are exchanged then, too, being in the form of extraordinary black signs on slips of pink paper, which are sometimes pasted on the doors as well.

Huge coloured lanterns, several feet in circumference, hang in their verandahs, and all day, and sometimes all night, will be heard the twang of their favourite musical instrument, a cross between a banjo and a guitar, which has literally no music in it, but which seems to furnish an unending source of amusement.

Woe to the unlucky ones who have the pleasure of owning a poultry yard, as for weeks before the New Year they are infested with human foxes in the shape of Chinamen, who do their best to denude the roosts, to furnish their tables with good cheer for their festival.

Japanese have made their way well in Hawaii lately, and are extremely liked as domestic servants. The women look very grotesque walking on their high clogs; dressed in queer, bunched up,

narrow garments, wrapped tightly round them, and most awkward for moving about in ; but they are very clean, very clever, and most courteous in their manner, always doffing their caps when they meet a stranger, with a beaming smile. Their living rooms always contain a large platform about eight inches in height, and on these they sleep, eat, and sit. Enormous pots of hot water are always seen near their houses, for their daily ablutions, which they do not mind in the least, performing in public.

CHAPTER VI.

Rides and drives about Kilauea.—Kalikiwai Valley.—Valley of Hanalei. — After glow of Sunset. — Swarm of Red Fish. Death of the last of the Kammehamahas Queen Emma.

SOME of the rides and drives about our plantation home on the Island of Kauai (Kow-why), which was about one hundred miles by sea from Honolulu, were beautiful in the extreme, so diverse in their beauty that we never got tired of them, but always found fresh loveliness to look on and to remember. Two especially were always attractive for ourselves and visitors, and many a delightful day we had taking our friends to the valleys of Kalihiwai (Kalee-hee-why) and Hanalei (Hannalay).

In the first named valley lived our Chinese friend, Ah Sam, who had married the half-white Carry, and who proved such an extremely generous husband. His house was quite down in the valley, through which ran a river, meandering quietly to the sea; it was deep at its mouth, but at certain times was fordable just before it curved down to the ocean. Ah Sam's house was close to the river,

and on the opposite bank another Celestial had taken up his abode (both kept illicit grog shops), also with the intention of selling spirits, and it was said that signals could be given and returned if by any chance the sheriff and his officers were seen coming one way or the other; and thus prevent trouble, as, of course, neither of these charming law-breakers had a license to sell anything like whiskey or gin, in which latter beverage truly the soul of the native delighteth.

The road down which we wended our way, perhaps on horseback, perhaps in a pony phaeton drawn by a stout little mule, most sure-footed of animals, was very steep, cut out of the side of a high hill, a bank of rock covered with ferns and moss, and streams babbling down like miniature falls, on one hand, and on the other, the sea rolling into a curved sandy beach, which formed the mouth of the valley. At the foot of the road was a stretch of green turf, of a thick, soft, reed-like grass, called Mainanea, which grew most luxuriantly near the sea, and was capital pasture for horses and cattle, extending a short distance with a few native houses scattered about, each almost buried in creepers and mango groves. Having passed these, the ford was

reached, and a dilapidated old ferry was supposed to be in readiness for passengers, though I can safely say, I *never* knew it to be on the side one wished. At times the river was easy enough to cross on horseback, but at others the current was very stiff to encounter, and the water deep. I have often watched natives urge their horses in, and have seen them sink deeper and deeper, till at length the horse would be swimming, with the man or woman resting their feet on the horse's neck, finally getting them as high as the animal's ears, sitting perfectly at ease, and probably urging the poor creature into a canter immediately on landing.

When we drove to the ferry, the natives were intensely interested in helping to unharness the mule, and roll the carriage by means of two boards laid for the wheels, from the edge of the shore to the ferry, laughing and chatting at the top of their voices, probably accompanying us to the opposite bank, where the performance was repeated. Our little Canadian-built phaeton, four-wheeled and without a covered top, was always a source of curiosity to the natives, and great was their astonishment, as was that of our white friends, when we afterwards made the tour of Kauai in it, up hill, down almost precipices, along the rocky sea-shore,

120 miles in all—a most delightful experience Kalihiwai, bathed in sunshine, was a lovely picture, the mountains throwing their shadows of purple and blue down the valley, and bringing out the delicate tints of the rice patches grown by the Chinamen, and finally ending in a glittering water-fall, like a stream of silver, which came rushing down the rocks at the extreme head of the valley, making a vista for the eye to rest upon never to be forgotten, the wonderful tints of green in the thick foliage contrasting with a creeper of surpassing beauty, which bore an enormous white bell-like flower, the sweet heavy scent of which filled the air for some distance

Mounting a steep hill, which rose abruptly out of the valley, a little way from the river (always a very hot part of the expedition), one can see the lovely little valley at one's feet, with the sea beyond, glowing in the sun; and when at the top of the hill, the salt breeze comes cool and refreshing. The road was very good, and one could canter, or trot on quickly, with the sea on one hand, and the glorious mountains on the other, across level plains, with herds of cattle grazing quietly, only lifting their heads and staring, apparently, in astonishment at

the strange-looking vehicle passing. In one place the road made a dip into a hollow, going over a river, which rushed down there into a quiet, deep pool, fringed with ferns and ohia trees, and afterwards found its way into Kalihiwai. Soon, the plains began to show signs of life, with a glimpse of sugar-cane fields, and presently we were on the edge of the Valley of Hanalei. The natives have a saying, to express the beauty of the far-famed valley, "See Hanalei, and die;" and one cannot wonder at their admiration of such a lovely spot. We left the road, and walked a few steps beyond, where there is a rough sign board nailed on an old tree stump, and painted in rude letters, "Crow's Nest," attached to which there is a melancholy interest from the fact that Lady Franklin used to spend hours sitting there, looking with, doubtless, sad and wistful eyes for the arrival of the then numerous whaling ships which she hoped might bring tidings from the far North of her gallant and ill-fated husband. Lady Franklin wished much to have a native Anglican Church built on this very plateau, and, I believe, bought the ground and gave it for that purpose, but the church was never built; still the interest of the story remains, and it must always be a true one.

A small plateau ran out a little further, and from there we gazed on the picture before us. A very large valley lay at our feet, with a broad river winding through it down to the sea. On the left, or Mauka side, the grand mountains, lifting their heights up till lost in the clouds of mist which rested like snow-wreaths on their deep shadows; the rice plantations, with tender green, below us, mingled with the purple tassels of the sugar-cane; the picturesque white and green houses, with broad verandahs and roofs all in one; the barges drifting slowly down the river, laden with the cane to get ready for the mill, which stood almost in the centre of the valley; the brilliant sunshine, bathing the masses of foliage on either side of the river in light; the planter's homestead, half-way down the hill, almost buried in flowers and shrubs of every hue; and the broad Pacific beyond all,—made up the most wonderfully beautiful view imaginable, scarcely perhaps to be excelled. Unlike Kalihiwai, which is seen first from its mouth, Hanalei is approached from the head, making the effect perhaps more intense by one's being able to see it more suddenly.

On a bright day, when the mists had lifted, countless streams could be seen, like silver threads, on the purple sides of the mountains, which added

much to the beauty of the view. After gazing for a long time at the picture before us, we drove for a short distance on the level, and then were able to descend to the river by a broad road, where we could drive for a long distance, and crossing a handsome bridge, could see the fine cane, which in all stages of its growth is a singularly beautiful crop. Down in the damp warmth of the valley it was most luxuriant, as the high trade winds which at times laid the fields of cane on the plains low in the red dust, which forms such a feature in Kauai landscape, were unable to reach the deep shelter of the valley.

A great deal of rice also was grown by Chinamen in the valley, and when the grain was almost ready to gather in, it was of a deep golden colour, and the noise made by the owners to drive the little rice-birds away from their favourite food was deafening. Tin cans tied to a revolving pole, banging unceasingly in the breeze, was considered a valuable mode of warfare; added to this, guns were fired incessantly, and loud cries uttered by the watchful Chinamen, who began their work at dawn and carried it on without intermission till the sun went down, when for a few short hours they were

able to sleep without fear of the rapacious little destroyer undoing their labour of months.

A sunset at Hanalei was wonderfully beautiful, as it sank gradually into the depths of the ocean, the valley's mouth being due west; and at the time of the Java eruption the after-glow extended for miles over the country. The first time we saw it we were six miles away from Hanalei, and could see only the ridge of mountains which hid it from our view. We thought the deep red glare must mean that there was some terrible conflagration on the plantation, and were immensely relieved to find that that terror of the planter, fire, was not the cause; but our friends told us that as they watched the crimson glow flooding the sea and mountains with colour, they were equally sure that Honolulu itself must be entirely in flames. It lasted for days, almost weeks, and the natives were terror-stricken, believing that some terrible judgment must be coming on them; but as days went on, and no harm did approach, they, with characteristic indifference, forgot all about the freak of nature.

The native superstition is very great, as no doubt all aboriginal superstition must be; but there is one thing which—one must say so from personal

experience on our own part—is most extraordinary, and I can imagine that some of my readers will scarcely credit what I have to tell. As the death of a high chief approaches, a swarm of tiny red fish invariably come about the harbour of Honolulu or his birthplace. At no other time do they appear. During our stay in the islands the three last great chiefs of the line of Kamehameha died, and each time, just before their death, did the swarm of fish come, reddening the waters till they looked like blood. The first to die was Princess Ruth (Keelikolani), a woman of enormous stature, and extraordinary plainness of appearance. She had been ill for some time, and had been under the influence of her native Kahunas, or praying doctors, to such an extent that she had made a journey to the foot of Mauna Loa, on Hawaii intending to be carried up the mountain to sacrifice white chickens and pigs to the burning lake, thereby hoping to appease the wrath of the Goddess Pelè, who is supposed even yet to be the presiding Deity of the Volcano. On arriving at the mountain, however, it was found that Her Royal Highness' enormous bulk quite precluded the hope of getting up herself, so she was obliged to have the sacrifice made by proxy, sending some of her numerous retinue to perform the rites; but

of no avail, as some time later she died. Mrs. Panhahi Bishop was the next to follow; she was a half-white, but on her mother's side was a direct descendant of Kamehameha I. She was a very handsome woman, and of great wealth, holding large properties in the islands. She had married a Mr. Bishop, an Englishman and a banker. Their home in Honolulu was a very beautiful one, with lovely gardens, and the house itself a perfect museum of Hawaiian curiosities. Mrs. Bishop's death was almost unexpected, but the deadly swarm of red fish came into the harbour, again the herald of disaster.

The last death was indeed a grievous calamity, for with Queen Emma expired the last of her race; she was the last lineal descendent of Kamehameha I., her own son dying at an early age. Queen Emma was adored by the natives, and she might well be, for she made herself almost poor by her constant charities among them; and she supported many of them entirely herself. She also had a lovely house and grounds in Honolulu, but spent most of her time at a country home down by Pearl River, some miles east of the town. The queen was a sweet-faced woman, with a low musical voice, and great dignity of manner. She died very suddenly, indeed with-

out warning almost, and this time the red fish made their appearance at Kona on Hawaii, where much of Queen Emma's early youth was spent; the natives there being terribly frigthened, not knowing what had befallen, until the mail from Honolulu brought the sad news. Her funeral was, of course, accompanied by all the rite and customs of Hawaiian royality. Natives came in from all the islands to attend it, and the wailings were heard without intermission from the boats as they approached Honolulu. Her body was taken at night (after being embalmed) to the old native church —and lay in state for a week, with the feather Kahilis waving continually, the bearers changing every two hours—six walking up the aisle in step, and changing the Kahilis, so that there was no intermission even for a moment, and the native melees, or chants of praise, were sung by the different choirs and musical societies ; the scent of the leis and wreaths of flowers was overpowering.

The procession was enormous, and took two hours to pass a given point—nearly all the natives on foot—and so passed to the tomb of her fathers a gentle Christian woman and a good queen.

CHAPTER VII.

Volcano of Mauna Loa.—Visit to Crater and Burning Lake.—Superstition of Natives.—Like-like dies. Superstitions about Deaths.—Lomi-lomi.—Awa Root.—Intoxicating Beverages.—Old Native.—Natives Riding.—Breaking Horses.—Leprosy.—Molokai.—Father Damien.—Old Leper at Kilauea.

AMONGST the many places to be visited on the Hawaiian Islands, the volcano of Mauna Loa, and the lake of fire at Kilauea on Hawaii are, perhaps, the most interesting to those who do not mind a rough voyage between the islands, and an equally rough journey by land. The inter-island steamers vary much in their degrees of comfort, but perhaps the largest and best are those which convey the tourist to the port of Hilo, from where one must take horse for a long, steady ride up hill to the Volcano house, as the stopping place for visitors to the far-famed volcano is called.

Hilo is the port next in importance to Honolulu, and there travellers make arrangements for the ride up the great Crater of Kilauea.

A mule purchased in Honolulu for $150 turned out a valuable animal; for, besides being stronger

and more sure-footed than a horse, he was sold for $25 advance in price at the end of the expedition, having carried his rider well and thus having cost nothing.

The ride is a long one—thirty miles—and very lonely and quiet, the road lying partly through forests of ohia and ku-kui trees principally, nearly all covered with a species of creeper, which, as it grows, throws out branches which have tops like palm trees, only with smaller leaves. The tree ferns in this forest were very high, quite twenty feet or more, most luxuriant in growth, some green, some brown, others a deep red, and with those half dead or quite decayed, gave colouring to the mass of jungle.

During the twenty miles one was supposed to get some refreshment at two "half-way" houses, but the houses were apparently deserted and nothing to be seen but a pail of water and a tin cup hanging beside; a veritable drinking fountain, of which both mule and rider were glad to take advantage. The Volcano House was reached in due time, a comfortable enough hotel, not far from the crater, which is obliging enough to provide travellers with excellent sulphur baths, which soon remove all stiffness incurred from the long ride. The dinner consisted of shoulder of wild goat, excellent pota-

toes and Indian corn. Wild goats are plentiful and good game; the meat when young is tender and very palatable to the hungry visitor.

From the verandah of the hotel the red glare of the crater was seen very distinctly through the deep tropical darkness, and though undoubtedly the best time for seeing the lake of fire, the guide refused to take us at night, so a good rest after the fatigues of travelling was most acceptable.

The next morning, after breakfast, the guide accompanying us, we started for the crater, walking at first through a jungle of small ohia trees, then in full blossom, bright crimson in colour, mingled with a shrub called by the natives turkey wings, bearing red berries, which the guide declared good to eat; they were much the same in appearance as small cherries.

The jungle sloped down, and at the foot of the bank we came on the bed of cooled lava, and walked over it to within a hundred yards of the burning lake of lava, called by the natives Halemau-mau, a truly grand sight. About fifty feet off was a hill, or crest of lava, on which the guide would not let us go, as he said it probably would give way at any moment, for the lava on which we were then standing was quite hot.

For more than two miles we had walked on lava, merely a thin crust over the fires, and liable at any moment to burst out with fresh force. About a hundred and fifty yards from where we stood the guide shewed us a dark-looking hole from which a fortnight before, an immense quantity of lava had issued, and only six months before, the lava had flowed up to the very edge of the bank which we had come down.

The lake itself, about four hundred feet by one hundred, was of an iron gray colour and here and there we could see the red hot lava flowing along the surface; then a wave would cross, the sun shining so brightly on it, one might fancy it a wave of the sea, topped by a red crest instead of a "white horse." The edge of the lake was all fire, and on the side nearest to us, at short intervals, the red lava would be thrown up twenty to thirty feet. Often it is thrown as high as one hundred feet, we were told. For a few seconds all would be apparently quiet, and then a rolling wave would cross and burst into a myriad of leaping fires, shewing a constant terrible force at work below the earth's surface. The lake and its surroundings are constantly changing—immediately below us, and on

our right, the lava was quite still, and only three days ago it was a heaving mass, flowing and molten.

The guide then volunteered to take us to where he said only three visitors had gone ; so off we set, and soon stood on the western side within eight feet of the very edge of the lake itself, so close that the lava broke off, so brittle and hot was it, with a slight blow of the pole we each carried. Watching the gray, sullen mass before us, broken every few seconds by the leaping flames, thrown in some instances far above us, one could only feel in the presence of some terrible invisible power working quite independently of human agencies. Only a short time could we stand so close to this "fire fountain," as Miss Gordon Cumming calls it, as the fumes of the sulphur threatened to suffocate us. As it was, we were not free from headache in consequence of our venture.

The bed of lava in the crater is quite four miles in extent, probably more, and specimens very beautiful in shape and colour can be picked up in many directions—and some curious material, like spun glass, brittle and shining, very fine in substance. It is known as "Pelè's Hair," Pelè being the presiding goddess of the volcano, and to this

day the natives sacrifice to her by throwing silver, or white pigs or hens into the fires, thinking to propitiate her, and perhaps avert the calamity of an overflow of lava, which superstition has a curious resemblance to the offering made by the Scottish peasants to their holy wells of olden fame, into which are thrown pennies and sixpences ; formerly the killing of a red cock was considered a necessary rite to appease the wrath of the earth spirits.

When any unusual eruption of the volcano takes place the natives are terror-stricken, believing that some fresh sacrifice is demanded of the people to appease Pelè's wrath, and in the days of the autocratic government by the great chiefs human lives were offered for that purpose, and such is the superstition of the Hawaiian of to-day that a few months ago the sister of the present monarch, Princess Like-Like, who had been ill for some time, but who was recovering, hearing of the sudden stoppage of the fires of the crater, which then threatened to burst forth in a terrible overflow of lava, hurling destruction on all villages between it and the sea, and believing that by giving her life she could prevent such a calamity, literally turned her face to the wall and died from sheer inanition, refusing all

nourishment for three days, and disregarding all appeals from her physician; probably her own native Kahunas had induced her to believe that her life was a necessary sacrifice. What has Christianity done for these poor people when such things can be? The missionaries and church people have worked hard, but apparently to little effect, when one of their highest chiefs can think of nothing better than to yield to one of their oldest superstitions. Hanamau-mau signifies "House of Everlasting Burning.

The native superstition is something extraordinary to this day. If any member of a family dies in the house, it is soon deserted, as they believe that the spirit of the departed, no doubt in company with "kindred spirits" will take possession of the hut, making it uncomfortable for those left behind in this world of woe.

My friend Mary astonished me very much one day, with the account she gave me of a luau, or feast which had been held at the house of a neighbour; it appeared that an old man, a grandfather of the flock, fell ill, and, as apparently he could not be cured, the Kahuna ordered a luau to be arranged in a piece of ground close by. This was done, a

lanai being hastily constructed of young saplings tied together, bananna leaves thrown across for a roof, and the inevitable pig being baked in a hole in the ground, poi and fish produced, the poor old native, in a dying condition, was placed on his mat in the middle of the feast, so that one fears that his end was not peace. Lizards, of which there are many varieties in the islands, are held in great fear by the superstitious Hawaiian, and the appearance of one in a home is regarded as an omen of evil. A strange coincidence of ancient Hawaiian customs with modern medical treatment is that of lomi-lomi as compared with the massage of the present day.

The high chiefs always had some natives in their retinue whose duty it was to perform this lomi-lomi when required. After a long ride, or fatigue of an undue kind, such as the expedition to the volcano, it is said to be most refreshing in its effect. The compressing of the muscles, rubbing of the skin, pulling of joints, all being almost precisely the same as massage. Also, after a feast which might be continued for some days, the lomi-lomi was called in to help to disperse the effects of dissipation. Medical men frequently order the lomi-lomi for cases of acute rehumatism with excellent results,

and I have seen a sufferer from sick headache having her head lomi-lomied, hoping to get relief from the distressing pain.

When the chiefs went on one of their frequent inter-island expeditions, they had native girls whose duty it was to prepare the drink made from the awa root; the root is chewed into a slimy pulp (a most revolting idea) by these female retainers, then put into bowls, and left to ferment. It is very intoxicating, but it is still used in large quantities ; and commands a high price. A kind of whiskey is made in Hawaii from the ti root, and also a liquor from the sweet potatoe. A native will however get tipsy on anything almost. A native boy we had for a long time, had a great orgie on eau de cologne once. Perry Davis's pain killer is a favourite stimulant, and even Worcester sauce if they can get enough of it.

The old natives had excellent manners, which have sadly degenerated in those of the present day. A very old man called Pihi (fish) used to give us a bow worthy of a courtier, sweeping his hands towards us with a most eloquent gesture expressive of greeting in answer to our aloha. He was one of the very few who did not ride, we would meet him trudging along, up and down the many gulches which were

so frequent between the plantation church and his home, generally carrying a huge blue umbrella, his white hair shewing out against his copper hued face, and bearing the weight of years with remarkable vigour ; while it is said of the Hawaiian of the present time that he will walk for half an hour to catch his horse to ride twenty minutes. They are capital riders, being inured to the saddle from baby-hood, literally, as babies are frequently carried on pillows in front of their mothers.

The women ride astride, with the stirrup held between the toes, and as a rule have firm easy seats, and attired on gala days present a fine appearance with long flowing garments, flying back from their knees along the horse's flanks, of some brilliant colour, this latter addition being called a pua, formerly nearly always worn by a Hawaiian equestrienne, but now only affected on great occasions. A crowd of Hawaiians on horseback coming back from any holiday rejoicing is a thing to be avoided, for they ride at a reckless pace, and scatter themselves in all directions.

Nearly all use the deep Mexican saddle, with the enormous wooden and leather stirrups, and their bridles are often works of art. The natives admire good riding immensely, and my husbnnd

was presented once with a leather bridle made of round twisted hide, ornamented at intervals with tufts of horse-hair, a very smart affair, made by a native friend, and given by him with a word of approbation as to some feat of horsemanship which had probably attracted his notice. They value these bridles rather highly themselves, and we heard that a substantial offer had been made for the possession of this special one to the maker, so when it was given, we were delighted to have such a trophy to bring away.

Hawaiian horses rarely are allowed to trot, they have a kind of rocking canter, which they will keep up for miles at a stretch. Some would make capital jumpers if they were encouraged, but unfortunately their spirit is broken before they are in fit condition to ride. A native's idea of breaking in a horse is to tie a handkerchief over the animal's eyes, have himself tied on to the bare back, and then tear up and down the road as hard as Tam O'Shanter of bye-gone fame, till the poor creature, trembling from fear and exhaustion, bathed in sweat, and rejoicing to get rid of his most unwelcome burden, is ready to acknowledge in his dumb fashion that man is indeed his master.

The native, pure and simple is really dying out, and the chief cause is that dread disease of leprosy which, without doubt has exterminated whole generations of Hawaiian families. It is very loathsome and repulsive to onlookers, but to white people, the incomprehensible thing is, the indifference of the native to the most ordinary precautions against infection. For instance, not far from our home, close to a fordable river, there was a large grass hut, in which dwelt several members of a family, one of which a young lad, was afflicted with this fatal sickness; no one saw him in passing, but he was known to be there. He lay, probably, on the same mats with others, shared the food, eat out of the same calabash, smoked the same pipe, they knowing all the time that some of the infected poison might be conveyed to another of their number. But if by chance the sheriff was known to be in that district, with his attendant body of policemen, probably on the look-out for lepers, the boy was at once conveyed in secret to one of the numerous hiding-places, in the recesses of the hills and caverns, known only to themselves, and the sheriff might look till he was tired, and find nothing, though he was well aware, that as soon as he was gone, the danger over for that time, the

sufferer would be brought back to his old quarters, and so the ball would roll on, gathering the deadliest of mosses on its way.

The island of Molokai is given up entirely to the lepers, steamers freighted with these hapless beings are frequently sent from Honolulu, the poor lepers being gathered from all parts of the islands, and great are the wailings, and loud and deep the lamentations of the families, when parting at the wharves.

The greatest kindness is shewn by the government, and private families, headed by Royalty, to the inhabitants of this great hospital island. They have comforts and attention from all classes.

They have churches, schools, workshops, amongst them, gardens to look after and cultivate for their own benefit, and the utter indifference of the natives to the future, makes the living death before them less a subject of dread, than we might believe possible. White people rarely get leprosy, but, sad to say indeed, the devoted and Christ-like life of Father Damien, a priest who has literally laid down his life for others, has been covered with the mantle of death in the midst of his most self-sacrificing work. For years Father Damien has lived

on Molokai, teaching, exhorting, helping one and all; and now he has become a victim to the same disease which he has watched in all its terrible stages, and so, well knowing the awful future in store for him, he asks for others of his church to come and follow in his footsteps, a request which we hear has been nobly responded to by some who are willing to try and emulate his saint-like devotion to these poor people.

The only definite case I had any contact with, was that of an old woman at Kilauea. Our native washerwomen, who for some months had come regularly for their bundles, riding up from their pretty little home by the river, carrying their work in front of their saddles, failed one day to appear, and instead of the portly form of the old lady, who used to dismount with such surprising quickness, followed by a grave, handsome daughter, Quevna by name, I found a miserable wizened-up little woman sitting on the steps of the verandah, who made me understand that my laundress was "sick," and that being a friendly neighbour she had volunteered to come for the bundles instead. I had often seen this old wahine, (woman) but knew nothing of her particularly; so gave her the linen, and rather

pitied her as she staggered off under her load. My friend Mary Mahoi had come to pay me a visit, and had watched these proceedings with lazy interest, putting in a word now and then; but after the old woman had departed, Mary said in the abrupt fashion peculiar to natives, "I don't like that old woman." "Why not, Mary?" "Oh, her hands are all white inside, you no see her hands?" "No," I said, "What is the matter with them?" Mary looked rather taken aback at this, and then blurted out, "Oh, her hands have all white skin inside, and her feet too, and some stuff come out of them, and my father, he give her medicine." "Mary!" I said, now in a genuine fright, "you mean the old woman has leprosy?" Mary did not deny this assertion, but calmly said the old woman would "scold," if she had told me not to let her have the clothes, and made me promise not to tell. I consented to this if she would go off to the fields and get someone to go with her to bring back the linen, which she did; but it was a true instance of the total indifference displayed by natives to the chance of bringing this horrible disease near.

Science has apparently exhausted itself in the direction of arresting or curing leprosy. Doctors of all nations have tried their knowledge in vain.

A physician came from Germany during our sojourn in Hawaii, to report on all the different stages, and a strange thing happened to him. During some process of dissection, the poison entered some slight scratch on his hand, which must have been insufficiently protected, and in a very short time the whole arm swelled up and became discoloured. What the result of this accident may be, it will probable take years to tell, as one is told that frequently, leprosy will take seven years to develope itself. Segregation is the only cure and that, all the natural instincts of the Hawaiian native make him fight, but the result is that the extinction of the race is a certain consequence.

The native language of the Hawaiians is distinct from that of other inhabitants of the many Pacific groups, it is composed almost entirely of vowels, and when spoken by the educated is remarkably soft and liquid. The chiefs of old days spoke in a dialect which differed from that used by the lower orders, and the white men who are much thrown with natives and who understand the language perfectly, say the difference is quite perceptible still. A few words are very quickly picked up by the new comer, and some seem easily applicable.

For instance, instead of saying on the right, or left, one always says, "mauka," or "makai," meaning towards the sea, or mountain; a road will run mauka or makai; a piece of furniture will be on the mauka or makai side of the room. Yes, is "ai," pronounced sharply like "aye," and often a native will simply put out his or her tongue to indicate "ai," without a word being spoken. The heard "mahoppi" was a terror! as it meant by-and-bye, and that with a native was remarkably like to-morrow, which never comes. "Pilikia" meant a trouble of any description, domestic or otherwise, an overflow of lava caused a terrible pilikea; a Chinaman literally taking up his bed and walking off when friends were expected, was a pilikia very likely to occur at any moment; leaving the unfortunate mistress in a great pilikia! "Hoo-hoo" was, an expressive word indicating that he or she was offended, and constantly used by whites. I believe the ordinary scholar in Hawaiian finds it difficult to understand the speech of each island, but I am equally sure that "pilikia," and "mahoppi" are universal.

CHAPTER VIII.

Invitation to King Kalakua's Coronation.—Drive to Kealia and Kapaa.—The Parsonage.—Home at Lihue.—Honolulu again.—Ship in harbour.—Flowers.—Carriages,—Coronation Day.—Coronation Ceremonies.—Coronation Ball.—Queen leaving the Palace.—Coronation Fireworks.—Hookupu.—Grand Luau.—The Dandy and his Dancers.—Races at Waikiki.—Unveiling of the Statue of the great Kammehameha.

DURING the month of January, 1883, we received a card of invitation of enormous size, with a border of scarlet and gold, engraved in gold letters, and with the royal coat of arms emblazoned at the top. It ran thus:

"The King's Chamberlain is commanded by His Majesty King Kalakua to invite you to be present at the Coronation ceremonies, to be held at the Iolani Palace, on February 12th, at 11.30 o'clock.

C. H. JUDD, *Colonel.*

The direction accompanying this magnificent card assigned us seats in the "Pavilion." We had heard a great deal of the fact that King Kalakua, having reigned some twelve years, now thought it necessary to have himself crowned formally in the

presence of his loving subjects, bringing on himself a great deal of abuse from those in opposition to his Government. But His Majesty calmly pursued the even tenor of his way, paying no attention whatever to the flood of newspaper articles which deluged the country every week, heaping satire, sneers, and unkind remarks of all sorts, diversified now and then by dignified announcements of the different ceremonies which were to take place during the fortnight of festivities, and also by praise from the Government organ for his determination to carry through his own wishes. Party politics run high in Hawaii, and the contemptuous expressions indulged in by the rival papers, the *Pacific Advertiser* and the *Hawaiian Gazette*, always reminded us of the celebrated journals of Pickwick fame. We determined to take advantage of a lull in the plantation work just then, and accept our invitation. And one beautiful morning we set off. A friend from San Francisco, who was on a visit to the islands was a welcome addition to our small party, enjoying all our adventures with all kindness and good humour. Our equipage consisted of a large double rockaway, with leather sides, which could be pulled down for shelter from any of the fiercely sudden rain storms which assail one often

in the tropics, especially if the road runs near the sea. The carriage was drawn by two stout mules, preferred to horses, as they are so sure-footed, and our way ran up and down many a steep gulch. Strapped to the back of the carriage was a bag containing necessaries for a night, in case accidents should happen to our conveyance, or perchance the steamer be delayed in starting, a very fortunate provision, as we found later on. Following us was a native boy on horseback, with a long, stout rope tied on his saddle, to do what the natives call "hookey-up" the very steep hills, a most necessary adjunct to the party.

The air was fresh and cool when we started, and the dew was lying heavily on the grass and leaves, the mountains deep in purple shadow and white mist. We looked anxiously at the towering head of the Prophet, our only "Weather probabilities" but he did not say rain, so we drove across the meadow-like compound, and turned into the long red road with easy minds.

The road itself was an excellent one, but a little tiresome at first, for, in the short distance of a mile after we left our gate, we went up and down no less than five gulches. All along our journey the

mountains towered on our right hand, and the broad Pacific glowed and sparkled on the left. The road was not shady, except at intervals, but the large clumps of Pauhala trees, growing closer to each other as they approached the mountains, made a refreshing vista of green leaves for the eye to rest on. Some four miles from our gate we entered a magnificent grove of ku-kui trees, which stretched for miles on either side of the road. The trees were the largest I saw on the islands, the leaves of a delicate pea-green, and something the same shape as a maple; their great roots lay on the surface of the ground, all gnarled and twisted for yards in every direction, reminding one of the famous oaks of old England. This ku-kui grove was an unending source of pleasure to us, as our visitors always admired it so much, and the shade was delightful after driving along the dusty high-road; and by turning off towards the sea one could imagine oneself in a lovely park, driving here, there, and everywhere amongst these noble trees, casting flickering shadows, and always opening fresh avenues, with a glimpse of the sea beyond. Only one native hut was to be seen, not far from the steep bank, down which a road, or rather footpath, led to a white, sandy beach, carved in the hollow of the rocks;

deserted, but apparently keeping jealous watch over a large native tomb, which was much like a cairn, made of rough stones heaped together, a small stone wall surrounding it and the hut. No native will willingly remain in a hut where a death has taken place, and for that reason, when one of a family may be sick unto death, he or she is taken outside to breathe their last; but if such a ceremony is not possible, the hut is almost invariably deserted by all, the grave made near at hand, and avoided in consequence of fear of evil spirits.

Passing through the cool shade of the grove we emerged into the brilliant sunshine again, and sea and mountains once more came into view. On the right hand rose a green hill, quite alone and distinct, called the Round hill, from its conical form, from the top of which a wonderfully beautiful bird's-eye view of the surrounding country could be obtained, with the Plantation and old Crater lying peacefully together. Now the road wound down into a valley called Anahola, where was a flourishing rice plantation, cultivated by the ubiquitous Chinaman, passing on the way the hut, nestled in among some magnificent mangoe trees, of an old chieftainess, of very high rank, who rarely left her dwelling. When other high dignitaries came to Kauai, how-

ever, they always paid her a visit. I saw Her Highness once, and she looked uncommonly dirty and untidy.

We presently found ourselves near the tremendously steep gulch of Molowaa, a really terrific descent and ascent, the terror of any person of a nervous disposition. At the time I speak of we had to go down this formidable hill with brakes held back, and at a slow pace; just at the foot a very awkward turn in the road made it doubly dangerous. Since then a stage with four horses, and full of passengers, went crashing over the bank, killing a child and inflicting bruises and broken bones on the others. The turn in the road brought us down on the sea shore, and after toiling through the heavy sand, a ford had to be crossed, where the current ran up in a rushing stream, which thus made a terrible shifting quicksand. The native who was riding behind dashed into the water at once, to try the best footing for the mules; he waved his hand to indicate our course, the mules were urged in. I heard my husband's voice encouraging them on, and go on they did. The next moment we seemed to be floating in the sea; still the shouts went on, and the good animals responded famously. The waters poured over the floor of the

carriage, but we had taken the precaution of tucking our feet up on the opposite seat, so were none the worse. In the middle of the roaring of the current, the shouting voices, and the labouring of the mules, who were half swimming, I opened my eyes for a second, and saw a white helmet floating on the water: in the excitement of the moment it had tumbled off the coachman's head, but in some unexplained fashion he made a dive at it and reclaimed it, dripping wet, but still useful. A moment or two more and with a final rush up the opposite bank we were landed safely on the beach in front of us. Since our expedition a bridge has been built inland, which has done away with the necessity of crossing the quicksand, so that visitors nowadays have nothing of the excitement attendant on that part of the drive.

The plains spread out before us were very beautiful; the deep shadows of the mountains lying green and cool, and large herds of cattle grazing gave life to the picture. We travelled on presently, pointing out to our friend the perfectly round hole which appeared to be cut in the rock as cleanly as though with a knife, and telling him the tradition attached to it, which was to the effect that once, in olden times, the chief of Ohau was at enmity with

the chief of Kauai, and as neither could settle their disputes in the ordinary way, the chief of Kauai threw his spear at his opponent in Ohau, and the latter, infuriated, threw his spear with all his strength at Kauai. So great and deadly was the aim, that the spear cut through the mountain rock, making a perfectlly circular hole, which remains to this day as a mark of the prowess of the chiefs of that time. Truly, there were giants in those days! The blue sky has a strange effect, shining through the small hole, which always looks the same, and catches one's attention at once. A low stone fence divided part of one pasture from the other, and by that we knew we had passed the boundaries of Molowaa and entered the lands of the Kealia plantations, a magnificent estate, comprising splendid fields of sugar cane and large herds of cattle. We passed quite through the middle of a field of cane in full tassel, which is always a pretty season for the crop, each stick waving its purple feathers in the slightest breeze.

The road ran under the great water flumes which carried the cane down to the mill, and also under the remains of an experiment in the shape of some wonderful baskets swung on endless wires, which were supposed to have solved the question as to

the best method of sending the cane direct from the fields to the mills. It proved the reverse of labour-saving, and very expensive, the cane having to be cut into exact lengths to fit the baskets; whereas all lengths can be sent floating down the water flumes, and the trifling loss of the saccharine matter by immersion in the water is more than counterbalanced by the expense of time and labour of the other method. The cost of putting up the "Wire Tramway" was enormous, and though a fair trial had been given to test its merits, it was pronounced not a success. We drew up at the entrance of a pretty little garden, brilliant with blossoms of every hue, and a lovely shrubbery inside the fence; it was the Parsonage of the first Anglican Church in Kauai, and though the service was held in a large upper room over the plantation carpenter's shop, still it was none the less a church, and the congregation, as a rule, was very good.

The pastor was a wonderful gardener, and everything he took in charge seemed to grow, when no one else could make progress. In a small piece of ground he grew vegetables of all kinds, and, as in most tropical climates, the seeds came up and bore fruit in such profusion that it was found impossible to consume the produce. As he was the only per-

son who had vegetables for miles around, his neighbours were only too thankful to be able to relieve him of the superabundance. Our friend had married the very sweet sister of Bishop Willis, of Honolulu; they always showed us great kindness aud hospitality. and on this occasion we were glad to take advantage of the luncheon ready for us. The cottage had a wide, shady verandah covered with that most prolific creeper, the purple passion flower; and openings had been cut in the masses of green leaves and tendril, so that one could look out over the bright little garden, flanked by handsome red Australian castor-oil trees, and catch a dazzling glimpse of the ocean. As in all houses in the island, the sitting-room was entered at once from the verandah, well protected from mosqu toes by the wire doors and windows. Matting and rugs covered the floors, and easy chairs, sofas, tables, large and small; bookcases well filled, with pictures on the walls, made it all look very pretty and homelike. The dining-room was a little detached from the house, with the kitchen beside, where the Chinaman, when he chooses, can make the plainest food palatable. The pastor also possessed two cows, and was very proud of the fresh, sweet butter churned, often by his own hand, for himself and his friends,

by whom it was much appreciated ; for, except on the ranches, butter is bad, tinned, and almost impossible to procure.

We still had some four miles to go, so we said "Alohas" many, and left to catch our steamer at Hanamaula, where we supposed it to be waiting. Judge, however, of our dismay when we learned on our arrival that the boat would leave from Nawilliwilli Bay the next afternoon. Nothing for it now but to follow the Island custom and beg the hospitality of the next planter's house, which we did ; and, after driving through cane-fields, and following the road immediately through Lihue plantation, we found ourselves driving up a magnificent avenue of royal palms, whose feathery branches almost formed an arch, which led us to a fine modern house, with immense verandahs and large, handsome rooms in suites. This house was built almost on the same site as one of the first mission houses, but that must indeed have been a contrast to the present one. Only the host himself was to be found, his wife and family having gone to Honolulu ; but we were installed in a huge bedroom, with every luxury of carpets, curtains, books, ornaments, etc., and with a sitting-room opening from it ; and after a rest—for which I was profoundly grateful—we

had a substantial supper, served in a dining-room all furnished and made of polished woods, and were waited on by a comical-looking little Japanese. A walk in the garden the next morning brought new beauties to light. Our friends were evidently fond of flowers, for there was an immense variety, and all cultivated to perfection. Such pink geraniums I have never seen ; the roses were like trees covered with blossoms, and the Norwegian pines, rearing their dark green branches among the delicate loveliness of blossom and colour, heightened the effect. The verandah pillars were wreathed in creepers of every hue, and altogether it was such a garden as one could seldom see.

There were a number of small cottages scattered about in the grounds, for the purpose of putting up friends when the house was full—a truly Island custom, and one that might be adopted by those who like to have a country house full. The cottages have sometimes two rooms, and occasionally a bath-room, with a verandah to each house, so that hosts and guests are at times quite independent of each other.

Before we started once more to join the steamer our kind host brought us in some ripe pine apples,

cut in the correct fashion, or rather pulled in rough pieces from the centre with a fork. They certainly tasted deliciously and were cut from a huge bed which was planted on a rugged hill-side, with the sandy soil that pine apples there flourish in. At Kona, on Hawaii, the pine apples grow in such extraordinary profusion on a dry sand-bank close to the sea that an excellent canning establishment was begun and flourished there for some time. At last we said farewell to our kind friends and drove down to the wharf, where as usual, everyone for miles around had congregated to watch the steamer off. It lay in the lovely little harbour, which, surrounded by high, dark rocks, gleamed blue and bright in the sunshine. Presently we were handed into a big, rough gig, manned by natives, and rowed to the ship's side, whence, after several ineffectual efforts to reach the swinging gangway, which danced back and forth tantalisingly we were finally landed on the deck of the ship, which was moving about in a way that promised us a rough night, and alas! we all soon had occasion to know that the promise was fulfilled.

After a very stormy, rough passage on the little tossing steamer, we came into the beautiful Honolulu harbour on a lovely fresh morning. In the

harbour itself were no less than four ships of war; one was her Brittanic Majesty's *Mutine*, two were American, and the other was either Russian or French, I forget which—I think French, however. They gave quite a warlike appearance to the scene, and as one English ship had just departed, and a few days later the large flagship *Swiftsure*, with Admiral Lyons on board, anchored just outside the reef, it provoked a remark from our cabman to the effect, "I guess it looks as though England means to swamp us here!" The coronation was to take place in a day or two, and already bunting was beginning to be shown, and the gardens were in perfection of beauty, after rain, and before any heat had come to wither them; the Bougainvillier was really in extraordinary masses, it seemed to run riot everywhere, from the handsomest mansion to the lowliest hut. At the hotel there were two huge pillars supporting the double verandah at the back, and from ground to roof there was a blaze of rich purple colour, quite different from the sickly hue the same plant seems to take in greenhouses. The Mexican creeper also was like pink coral spread over the roofs (its favourite clinging place) in profusion. This last requires a hot sun, and on some of

the islands will *not* grow, but it makes the houses in Honolulu especially attractive in appearance.

Our kind friend, the wife of Her Britannic Majesty's Commissioner, brought us tickets for excellent places from which to view the coronation ceremonies, and asked us to join her party, going to the palace with her, which offer we accepted most gratefully.

The next thing was to engage a cab, or "express," as cabs are always designated in Honolulu; the true cab, as we understand the vehicle, is unknown there. A small, covered rockaway, with leather sides, drawn by one horse, is what is invariably used as a public conveyance, and the private carriages are similar in appearance, except that in many cases they are much larger, and require two animals.

I must also except the equipage of His Majesty, which was a large English landau, imported direct from London for him, and which, driven by a native coachman, with a small cape of the red and yellow feathers before described added to his trim English livery, and a footman, similarily attired, beside him on the box, presented a very smart appearance, and was always regarded with great interest by the native citizens. The distance being short from the

hotel to the palace, we were very punctual in our appointment with the friends who were to chaperon us. We found Her Britannic Majesty's Commissioner and his family party, consisting of his wife and two fair daughters, all in full evening dress, the young ladies in white, with feathers *de rigueur* in their hair, and the Commissioner himself in full diplomatic uniform, his wife in richest black, all on their own pretty verandah. In a few minutes our numbers were increased by the arrival of half-a-dozen officers from the English war ships then in harbour. They were magnificent in full dress naval uniform, which is rarely, if ever worn, only on the occasion of a royal ceremony—indeed, one of the officers assured me that during the years he had been in the navy he was certain he had not worn the full dress more than twice, so that the amount of gold lace by which we were surrounded was something truly startling.

We approached the palace from a side gate, at which were sentries ready to admit us after leaving the carriages. Immediately inside the gate was a broad footpath, strewn with rushes several inches deep ; this led us to the entrance of a kind of coliseum, which was built in a half-circle, with tiers of seats facing the front of the palace, where the double

verandahs on each side of the grand entrance were gaily decorated and fitted up with chairs for the officials and their families and the diplomatic corps.

Directly opposite the entrance doors of the palace a broad platform ran out from the top step to a very pretty pavilion, with open sides, beautifully painted, and decorated with chains and wreaths of flowers, on which were the throne-like chairs of crimson and gold, with the gorgeous yellow feather robe thrown on one. The pavilion had a pointed top, which was painted in red, white, and blue stripes, presenting a lovely, tent-like effect, and the erection being on a level with the lower verandah, at least six feet from the ground, gave every one a full view of the ceremony, which was to take place in the pavilion itself.

As we neared the palace the guards presented arms, and the band struck up the familiar strains of "God Save the Queen," in accordance with the honour due to our Queen's representative, and it was delightful to our home-loving hearts to hear it once more, as we had so often in Canada.

Our friends, of course, turned off to the left to gain their own seats on the verandah, while we were shown into delightful ones under the cover of the

coliseum, and soon found that we could not have had better; above all, we were in the cool shade, which was an inestimable boon on the warm July-like day, especially as we were without covering on our heads, our own individual party being in dinner dress. It certainly was an interesting and curious sight to look around and see the different faces and garb of those about us. The ordinary native women had Holokus on, many of most expensive and rich materials, trimmed profusely with laces and embroideries; their hats, in most cases, a mass of feathers, of the Gainsborough type, set on top of huge coiffures, with leis of leaves and flowers *ad libitum*, and strongly scented handkerchiefs, the natives delighting in such perfumes as musk and patchouli. Quite close to us were the boy pupils of St. Louis College, a Roman Catholic school for native boys, in neat dark uniforms, with white caps. The verandah soon presented a very gay appearance, the ladies' costumes were most rich and beautiful, and the official and diplomatic corps fairly blazed with gold lace and orders. On the left side of the entrance sat a fine old native, who attracted an immense deal of attention, Governor Kanoa, of Kauai, a very old man, with a magnificent head of white hair, from underneath which his

strongly-marked, dark features and copper-coloured skin showed curiously amongst all the delicate colours of the ladies' apparel, for His Excellency was given a place of honour, owing to his high rank as a chief. He also was in gorgeous uniform, with a star on his broad breast. He was a remarkably fine specimen of the old native aristocracy, whose manners were singularly courteous and graceful; and, alas! the generation is fast dying out.

As each representative of the foreign courts entered, the national air was played by the really excellent Hawaiian band, and, as we waited for the royalties, an old native lady in a flowing white Holoku, profusely decorated with flowers, suddenly began in a loud, monotonous, singing voice, an apparently endless *mele*, or "chant of praise," which was a very ancient custom; it was, I should say, improvised, and was an account of Kalakua's virtues and achievements, and praise of every kind, continued at intervals throughout the ceremonies. Presently another *raconteur* took up the theme, while the first stood and flopped her scented handkerchief to cool her shining face. It appeared to be highly interesting to those who understood the language.

The arrival of the Japanese ambassador and suite excited general interest, as they were the only personal representatives from another country who were bearers of greetings and congratulations to King Kalakua. They were the tiniest little fellows possible, to be grown men ; and their round, smooth-shaven faces added to their childlike appearance : in fact, they looked like small boys of diminutive stature, arrayed in full evening dress. They all carried high hats, and wore different ribbons and orders. One of the most beautiful gifts presented to the King was that sent from Japan : an immense pair of vases, urn-shaped, on pedestals fully eight feet high. At first sight we all thought they were bronze, but on closer inspection, they proved to be of polished dark wood. Every inch of the surface being most exquisitively carved in strange figures and animals—a truly royal gift. On either side of the platform stood a double row of Kahili bearers, reaching from the palace doors to the lowest step. The Kahilis themselves were wonderful to look upon. We were told that months of labour had been bestowed in their manufacture. The staffs were fully ten feet high, and half of that space was taken up by the feathers, massed in some curious way on stiff straws, so that nothing could be seen

but the waving plumes. Those made of the shining dark, green, and black cocks feathers and of the beautiful bronze turkeys, were marvellous in their effect, while the red, white, and yellow ones were a splendid contrast in colour. The bearers were in a kind of livery of scarlet and black, also wearing high hats ; and capes of the red and yellow feathers, worked in bold patterns. The old Kahilis belonging to the Royal Family were much smaller, of pure white feathers mounted on sticks of sandal-wood, and tortoise shell, and some of these ancient relics were in readiness inside the pavilion.

The actual ceremonies of the coronation of King Kalakua and Queen Kapiolani were not short, but I think every one was greatly interested in watching the proceedings, particularly as no one of the spectators knew what was coming next. Suddenly the band struck up the Hawaiian national anthem, "Hawaii Ponoi," a very stately march and most melodious, and we knew that the royal procession must be coming. The procession was headed by the marshal of the kingdom, with gold staff of office. After him came the chamberlain, in gorgeous attire, and then a page, bearing on a crimson and gold cushion the two crowns, which were high structures of gold and jewels, with crimson velvet

adornments. Other officers of the household followed, and then came his Majesty, wearing a very handsome German uniform in white and blue colourings. Ribbons and different orders crossed his broad chest; he wore no covering on his head.

A little behind the King came Queen Kapiolani, in a superb dress of white silk or satin, and court train of crimson velvet, most magnificently embroidered in gold the pattern being taro leaves, the national emblem. Her Majesty's coiffure was very high, and a veil depended from the comb, which seemed to add also to the height. The train was borne by several ladies-in-waiting all costumed alike in white satin petticoats and bodices and trains of black velvet, a most harmonious combination of colour altogether.

Almost immediately behind them walked Princess Kaiulani (or Victoria), a pretty little lady of seven years old, and heir-apparent to the kingdom, attired in bright blue, with her dark curls tied by a ribbon of the same hue, and carrying some flowers in her hands. Kaiulani was the daughter of the Princess Like-Like, a sister of the King, who died a few months ago (His Majesty's eldest sister, Lilliokilani, having no family, the little Kaiulani is in the direct succession to the throne).

The other members of the royal family followed in their order of rank, the mother and aunt of the little princess being most superbly dressed, one in a satin of crushed strawberry colour, covered with glittering embroidery of every hue, and Princess Lydia (who attended the Jubilee in London with Queen Kapiolani) in a Parisian costume of cream satin, with the front of the dress made into little puffs, each puff being held by a small gold bird. Amidst all this moving mass of colour the pure white surplice of the Rev. Mr. Mackintosh, rector of the cathedral, who had dwelt many years in the islands, seemed by its familar simplicity to give dignity to the whole bright scene.

The procession filed along the platform and passed into the pavilion, the ladies-in-waiting and some of the household retiring to the verandah ; the band ceased, and the familar tones of the rector rose on the soft air, reading first in English, and then in Hawaiian, the service, which was neatly printed in a small pamphlet form, and given to all who chose to read.

During the service, certain ancient customs seemed to be observed, such as presenting the King with a sceptre, placing a ring on his hand, throwing

the beautiful feather robe over his shoulders, and waving of the royal kahilis. Finally, after several prayers had been said and a hymn sung, the audience again rose, and the King, also standing, placed the crown on his own august head. Another prayer, with a response from His Majesty, and then he turned to place the other crown on the head of his consort; but—alas for royal dignity!—the Queen's coiffure was high and elaborate, and apparently no thought had been given to the crown, The audience watched with intense interest, while hairpins, comb, and veil were being removed. In vain! the crown would not fit, and in desperation, and apparently in no very good temper, the King made a final effort, and literally crammed the insignia of royalty down on Her Majesty's temples, Another prayer and response, the blessing pronounced by the rector, and again were heard the strains of "Hawaii Ponoi" (Hawaii for Ever), and the King took up the sceptre, and with the crown on his head, and the feather robe hanging from his shoulders, His Majesty led the way from the pavilion into the palace—kahilis waving—band playing—cheers rending the air. Pacing majestically along, the crown just a little on one side of the royal head, the scene of the funny King and Queen

of "Alice in Wonderland" came irresistibly to my mind as I watched the burly form of Kalakua I. marching along, his black curly hair making the pose of the rich gold circlet even more remarkable. One would not have been astonished to have heard the counterpart of the order, "Off with his (or her) head," issuing from the royal lips. I think, though, that it was the Queen who was the blood-thirsty one in "Alice," and certainly none could connect such an order with the kindly countenance of Kapiolani, who walked behind her royal spouse, beaming good nature and happiness on all near her.

Unfortunately, the King, having realized his ambition of being crowned, thought it was only proper he should have a court, and also a new table of precedence; and, as for fifteen years certain people had enjoyed a distinct rank, they naturally looked upon such as an individiul right; and when these new rules were inagurated, the result can easily be imagined to have been dissatisfaction and grumbling in all quarters.

In a few days invitations were issued for a ball to be held in the Palace, as an important feature of the coronation festivities. The cards were much the same as those for the coronation itself, rather

larger, perhaps, and with a gold crown resting on a crimson cushion engraved at the top. All the young people were in eager expectation of the enjoyment of the occasion, as it was the first really large ball given by the King.

On the evening appointed we drove to the same gate used by the people the day of the coronation, but instead of being open, as at that time, to a rush strewn pathway, we found ourselves in a pretty passage lined and laid with crimson cloth, and flowers everywhere. In this we were received by an officer of the household, who conducted us to the entrance of the large space which was enclosed by a tent of enormous size in front of the palace. The pretty pavilion which had been used for the coronation ceremonies was moved to one side, and in this the Hawaiian band was discoursing sweet music, and a state quadrille was going on opposite to the entrance door, His Majesty, in full uniform, dancing with the wife of the head official. The Queen, I think, was in a seat arranged for the royalties, looking on, as I fancy Her Majesty did not care for European dances, though the Princess Like-Like was a graceful and accomplished dancer, and the King himself waltzed beautifully. The steps leading up to the verandahs were covered with

red cloth, and the palace hall and reception rooms were a blaze of light, the verandahs being provided with comfortable seats in every direction. We walked about, and looked with much interest at the many beautiful costumes worn by the ladies, which were interspersed by the brilliant uniforms of the royal household, and also of the many officers of the English and American war ships which were at that time in the harbour.

We found many of our friends, and the dancing was delightful, the band rendering exceptionally good music. All went on merrily for some time and the fears of rain were almost naught, when suddenly a few drops were heard pattering gently on the roof of the huge tarpaulin covering. In a short time some found their way through, and presently little pools were formed on the floor, in between which the dancers endeavored to wend their way. Still the rain poured steadily on, and in a short time the cloth on the steps leading up to the palace entrance was soaked the covering not having been extended over the steps to the tent roof, and so the open space afforded thereby was soon streaming with the rain. Ladies with delicate satin shoes looked askance at the shining stairs, which, covered with baize, at one

time scarlet, were now black and sodden. What was to be done? Some of the younger people made a rush and gained the haven of refuge, but those who wore trained gowns hung back, dodging the now fast-falling shower of drops. At last one lady courageously set an example by accepting the offer of a chair, which, raised by four stalwart arms, was carried at a quick run up to the vestibule; others followed, and in a few minutes the tent was cleared of the guests, who found themselves transported as if by magic to the brilliant rooms of the palace, where the beautiful dark polished floors offered even a more tempting field for the dancers than the temporary one of the pavilion.

The hall of the palace was very large, and oblong in shape, with a handsome dark staircase at the far end, which ran straight up and then branched off right and left. The floor was dark; on either side, ranged along in stands, were the magnificent feather *kahilis*, which had been displayed at the coronation; bright, coloured carpets were laid from the door to the foot of the stairs, and brass and crystal chandeliers shed a flood of light on the scene.

On the right hand were two sets of large double doors, opening into the reception room, in which the

king was accustomed to give audiences to distinguished visitors, a large, long apartment with polished floor of dark native woods, huge windows opening on the verandahs, hung with crimson draperies, and very beautiful and unique cornices of brass made to represent the ancient Hawaiian spears, crossed at the tops of each curtain. Brilliantly lighted as it was, it was a splendid ball room, and the dancing was resumed as merrily as though no disturbing element had occurred to mar the enjoyment of the evening.

Later on we went to supper, crossing the former ball room—deserted now, but rendered less uncomfortable by the cessation of the rain,—which opened into another long, narrow inclosure, built specially for the occasion, with a table in the form of a T, at the top of which the king and his party sat.

Good things were in abundance, and huge bowls of punch, etc., were scattered about—the silver and glass were all nice—and flowers everywhere. Of course there was grumbling, but as in the most civilized circles, that is not an unusual thing ; it was not to be wondered at that all were not satisfied, though no trouble was spared on the part of

the King and his assistants to make everything go smoothly.

A very funny incident occurred later in the evening, which was witnessed by myself and a few friends, showing, in a measure, the dislike, and even inability, of the Polynesian natives to bear the restrictions of civilisation for any length of time. They can endure them up to a certain point, but when weariness sets in they seem obliged to succumb to their own longing for ease and carelessness.

A number of us were seated on the broad couches ranged on either side of the hall, talking over the events of the evening, when our attention was caught by three figures coming down the great staircase, in the full glare of light, and which looked so at variance with the pretty evening costumes about us that involuntarily we all stopped our talking, and gaped in astonishment at the sight of a young native woman, clad in a bright scarlet holoku a straw hat, with a wreath of flowers round it, set on the side of her head, a wreath of leaves round her shoulders, and bare feet. Following her came an older, stouter lady, with a long loose garment of some dark stuff drawn carelessly round her, carrying a native straw hat in her hand, and with feet

thrust into galoches. A momentary pause of astonishment on our part, and then some one said, with a gasp: "The Queen!" and we all rose to our feet and made obeisance, as Her Majesty calmly and smilingly returned our salutations, and turning round at the foot of the stairs, marched off, followed by another lady in waiting, costumed much as the one in advance, and made her way out of the back entrance, which opened directly on the grounds, in the far end of which her own house lay.

The fact was that the Queen, unaccustomed as she was to the discomfort of the very fashionable European costume in which she had appeared in public for many hours, had, after enduring it as long as she could, made up her mind to disappear into private life. After changing her gorgeous robes for the easy garments she always wore, she was no doubt happy in the idea of eluding observation, and it was a mere accident that she was seen, as every one was supposed to be in the supper room. I was intensely amused at the sight, as it seemed to make one realize, as nothing else could have done, that the display and ceremony was, after all, but a thin veneer of outward show of civilisation laid on the native character of lazy ease, with which

Hawaiians are so impregnated. Equally were we struck by the calm indifference of the Queen on being discovered in her undignified apparel. "A Queen once, always a Queen," must have been the motto which sustained Her Majesty.

A few nights after the ball, we were bidden to witness some fireworks, which were displayed in the palace grounds, a treat which had been provided for the natives mainly by the good nature of the King, and to hear the deep drawn "Oh's" and "Ah's" of the hundreds of Hawaiians when they saw a grand rocket, or catharine wheel, for the first time in their lives, and their child-like delight at a "rocking ship" made of gaslights ingeniously amalgamated, must in itself have been a pleasant reward for His Majesty's kind thought. That evening the palace was gaily illuminated, and open to all visitors who choose to take advantage of the opportunity afforded of inspecting the beautiful rooms. The King was, as usual, kindness itself to one and all.

Another feature of the homage paid to King Kalakua was the "Hukoopu," a very ancient custom, but to the performance of which none but natives were admitted; this was the laying at the

King's feet presents of every description by every native who could possibly do so, and the majority of these presents were mainly of eatables, alive and dead, cooked and uncooked. Pigs, chickens, fish, notably the squid or cuttle fish, delight of the Hawaiian appetite, pink taro (grown for and eaten only by high chiefs) poi of many kinds, bread fruit, water melons, sweet potatoes, native fruits, such as mangoes, cocoa nuts, alligator pears, limes, etc., leis of feathers and shells, calabashes, rolls of *tapa* cloth, mats of every degree of fineness, all those were taken in such quantities, that the courtyard of the palace was heaped with the gifts offered.

The greatest kindliness and good nature seemed to prevail everywhere, and certainly the news which comes to us at this time of the confusion and revolt which is being experienced in Honolulu just four years after the carnival of the coronation seems hardly credible to those who remember the brightness of that period in the Hawaiian capital.

Shortly after the coronation ball had taken place and we were wondering "what next," we received invitations to a large "Luau" or feast, to be held at Iolani Palace. The cards were quite as elaborate as those for the coronation itself, and we were asked

to present ourselves at twelve o'clocck in the day most fortunately it was a brilliantly beautiful day, the sun shining brightly, but always tempered in its heat by the cool trade winds. At the appointed hour we walked down towards the gate which had admitted us on the former occasions, and found throngs of natives of every class on their way to the same destination, a Luau having much the same attraction for the Hawaiians that an immense feast would have for a lot of school children. All were dressed in their smartest array, the women in the brightest-coloured holokus with, in nearly every case large hats with feathers and wreaths of flowers; the men in gorgeous shirts of every hue, and the inevitable straw sailor-like hat, with leis of roses, honeysuckle, and wild ginger, flowers of every kind; they almost always wear snowy-white trousers on gala days, and the result is a very picturesque, costume. They were laughing and chattering, no doubt chaffing each other, for the natives are very sarcastic, and always see the humorons side of a thing first, no matter at whose expense. We passed through the fast collecting crowd, and gained the entrance to the palace grounds, which were on this day thrown open to the public. Rushes strewed the pathway to the same large enclosure which,

with its tent roof and tiers of seats, presented much the same appearance as on the coronation day, except that instead of the small pavilion, the centre space in front of the palace was taken up by two enormous tables running their full length between the seats. These tables were draped with white, but the entire tops were covered with ferns and leaves massed together so as almost to form a tablecloth of themselves; quantities of flowers were placed about mingling with the ferns. All manner of native dainties were offered to the guests, who took their places, ate as much as they wished, and then withdrew to the seats to look on at their hungry successors. At every second or third place was a great calabash of the inevitable poi, without which no Hawaiian meal is complete. At each plate was a small bundle of the ti leaves enclosing various fish which, being cooked in the leaves and also served in them, preserves the delicate flavour immensely. Sweet potatoes of enormous size, boiled and baked taro, sea weeds of different kinds boiled and eaten hot, kukui nuts grated up as a kind of salt relish, native onions, bananas, and native fruits in quantities,—all these go to make up a native Luau; and above all, the noble pig baked in a hole made in the ground for that purpose,

which is filled with hot stones and leaves, covered up for a certain length of time, and he finally emerges in a state of perfection unknown to those who have not been fortunate enough to taste Mr. Piggy in such a condition. No Northener can imagine the difference between the ordinary roasted pork and a pig baked in the ground—the flavour is totally different. Raw fish plays a conspicuous part at Luaus too. The method of eating these various delicacies is certainly not appetising, the rapidity with which they disappear being something marvellous, each fish is dexterously torn to pieces and passed to the next neighbour, and so on, the last person who receives it propably being the loser. Everything is eaten in that way, so that at the end of the feast the untidiness of the remains is generally something appalling. The only liquid served on the day I speak of was soda water, a bottle of which lay at each place.

We sat down at a little distance, and watched the curious scene. The natives had turned out in great numbers, and the scent of their leis of flowers and maille leaves was almost overpowering. Many half-whites were there too, dressed in a wonderful attempt at European fashion. Two sisters we especially remarked, dressed in flowing black holo-

kus and the very largest crimson plush hats I ever saw, with enormous plumes nodding in the air. There were numbers of attendants, male and female, all natives, who moved about in the leisurely way natural to Hawaiians, and did their best to clear each table, as it was vacated, for the next comers.

The King had devoted many of the offerings at the Hukupoo to this Luau, which, strange as it may appear, actually went on for hours: it had been going on for some time when we were there at twelve o'clock, and it was still progressing late in the afternoon. On the verandah of the palace were Queen Kapiolani, Princesses Lilliokolani, LikeLike, and Kaiulani, surrounded by a large suite and many officials. Presently an aide-de camp, in a handsome German uniform, almost all white, was sent to ask us to go up to the piazza, and so we presently found ourselves in the court circle. Her Majesty was in the centre, attired in a beautiful holoku of rich white satin, whose flowing, ample folds suited her much better than her gorgeous coronation robes, and she looked much more comfortable, giving us her kindly smile of welcome as usual. The little heir-apparent looked pretty in a crimson velvet and pink costume, with a huge Kate Greenaway bonnet framing her dark eyes. Many of the white ladies

had assumed the holoku in compliment to the natives, many in richest material; but all paled before the wonderful tints worn by the wife of one of the Cabinet Ministers, who was sitting close to us. She was a remarkably handsome woman, a full native, very dark brown skin, enormous in stature and size, but with a really beautiful head and face, the features perfectly regular, of a half sad, almost statuesque expression. Round her shapely head was a wreath of various-coloured roses, but her dress was marvellous, the brightest yellow satin, shot with purple and trimmed with quantities of green—a brilliant grass green, too! It was as near one's idea of a bird of paradise as could be; a large lace collar lay on her shoulders, which was no doubt the finishing touch. The whole combination made one's eyes fairly blink!

During the afternoon some ancient spear dances took place, mingled with others, and during the evening we heard the heathenish sounds of the small native drums, which invariably accompany the Hula-hula dances.

The professional dancers (of whom the best come from Hanalei) are regularly trained by an extraordinary looking man, who is known by the name

of "The Dandy;" he is, I think, a half-white, and the aim of his existence seems to be to make himself as conspicuous in appearance as possible. To this end, his costumes are of the most flashy kind, and quite different from those worn by ordinary individuals. I saw him one afternoon in Honolulu, attired all in purple velvet, with a green waistcoat; the coat was similar in shape to an ordinary dress coat, but with unusually long tails, and there appeared to be some gold embroidery about his sleeves. A ridiculously high collar, with a stock and a tall white hat, completed this most extraordinary—what? one cannot call it dress!

I believe these Hula dances are a relic of the barbarism practised by the Hawaiians, and am told they are extremely coarse and ungraceful in every way; the Government at times make spasmodic efforts to suppress them, but hitherto with little result. The girls are usually ugly, and wear a curious kind of short dress, drawn up through wreaths of leaves which are worn around the hips, and their bare ancles have small fur or feather rings; the music consists of a small round drum which gives a monotonous sound, beaten

continuously by the dancers or others placed for that purpose.

The coronation festivities were closed with some races, which took place on the pretty race-course at Waikiki, about two miles from Honolulu, and we enjoyed the fun of it all immensely. The officers of the ships in the harbour got up a gentlemen's race on any scratch animals which could be got together, regardless of size, age, or weight; which gave an interest to the friends looking on. A charming luncheon in the tent of the King's chamberlain, at which His Majesty King Kalakua attended in person, gave us an additional pleasure, and having heard the strains of "Hawaii Ponoi" from the band, we drove back to the town, pausing a moment to see the start of a fine four-in-hand, coached in a masterly fashion by an ex-officer of Her British Majesty's cavalry.

We also saw the unveiling of a very fine bronze statue of Kammehameha I., which was placed in front of the Hall of Legislature. The great chief was a man of enormous strength and grand appearance, and the statue shows the tall, manly figure clad in the malo; the ancient feather robe falling from the shoulders. On the head was the head-

dress assumed by chiefs going to battle, the form almost precisely the same as that of the ancient Greek helmet. This was also made of the glittering gold coloured feathers massed on some kind of firm foundation, and as the cloak and helmet were gilt, the effect against the dark bronze was really beautiful; the right hand was extended holding the mighty spear, which it was said no chief but Kammehameha could wield, so large and heavy was it.

CHAPTER IX.

Life on a Plantation—Work in the Cane Fields—Labourers—Chinese—Portugese—South Sea Islanders—Looking after the Labourers—Holidays on the Plantations—The Doctors Orders.—Chinese with Sickness—Visit of H. B. M. S. "Constance."

LIFE on a sugar plantation in the Hawaiian Islands is vastly different from the same existence on a similar estate in the south; it is intensely primitive; very lonely; interesting at times, and always anxious to the planter, who has the several questions of labour, water, climate, and profit, or no profit? to contend with, throughout the year. For in planting sugar there is no rest as there is in a winter season on a farm. As soon as one crop of cane is cut and taken to the mill to be ground, planting for the second, and sometimes third rotation has to be attended to; these are called second and third ratoons, and on some of the finest plantations produce crops almost equal to the first season, The mills grind nine months out of the twelve, and of course cane has to be ready for the grinding without stoppage; at busy

seasons the mills grind at night, and one enterprising planter who had one mill for two plantations had the electric light put in and the labour was incessant night and day.

The hours for work are not so long as they are in a town, and as the weather is fine for many months out of the year, and every one is in the open air, it is not so enervating as employment in close rooms would be. I except, of course, the mill employees and the bookkeepers. The atmosphere in a sugar mill is something as close to that of the hold of a steamer as can well be, the heat being terrible, and the noise of the machinery being deafening.

Whole families of the labourers turn out to work in the fields; mothers, fathers, and as many children as can work, are in the fields before six o'clock; at twelve they march off for their dinners, which they bring with them, and leave off for the day at half-past four. The labourers are divided into "gangs" each at different work; planting, watering, hoeing, ploughing, cultivating between the rows, ditching, stripping, (tearing off the superfluous leaves to get the benefit of the light and sun), cutting, carting and finally loading the small tram cars, which are carried into each possible field on portable rails;

each gang being watched by a luna, or overseer, almost always a white man, very often a young Englishman who has found his way out to the Islands, in search of "something to do." Chinamen have frequently their own head man, who lives in their quarters, engages the gangs, and generally looks after them. A chinaman's dress in the fields seems composed of motley rags; an old cotton coat, once blue, and curious flat hats with broad brims turned down all round, the crowns very small, inside of which they sometimes wear a kind of skull cap, and occasionally an old kerchief will tie down the hats, out of which their cunning faces look in a comical fashion.

The Portugese women are always picturesque, if not very clean! their fondness for bright colours denoted in the brilliant cotton handkerchiefs tied over their heads and round their necks; their walk and actions are very graceful, carrying, as they do, immense weights on their head, beginning with small ones in childhood, which makes them move lightly and steadily, with head erect. It is a comical sight to see a women with perhaps a huge basket of linen on her head, or a heavy sack of flour, with the husband lounging behind bearing a burden in shape of the inevitable baby, which lies

under the fences all day while the mother works near by.

The South Sea Islanders were the most repulsive looking creatures ; their quarters were isolated by the sea shore, and one would be reminded of the "missing link" on the first glimpse of the gang stalking along in single file on their homeward way.

The faces were very black, and most animal in feature ; their bushy hair, coarse beyond description, stuck out all round, and their great tusk-like teeth, and staring black eyes, gave them a very monkey-like appearance.

The women wore a kind of skirt, and sleeveless garment, made ont of the old sugar sacks, and in each ear, the holes bored were so large, that a bunch of matches, or twig full of leaves, were generally used as earrings! They seemed devoid of intelligence to any extent, and I always disliked to meet them.

The labourers are engaged by contract, sometimes for two or three years, as the case may be ; and the more civilized ones, such as the Portugese and Germans, look on the Signora as the one to do much for them ; anything they want, they ask for, and most unreasonable demands are made at times.

A sort of medicine chest room is always kept supplied for their use, and when a Portugese, man or woman, makes his appearance with his or her head tied up tightly in a handkerchief, then you know that "Oh, Signora, I got bad cold," or, "My hand, or foot, or leg," as the case may be, "is sore, very sore," or, as they say, "My stomach very sore," is sure to be the complaint; but whatever it may be, the *head* is invariably wrapped up!

When a low fever broke out, we often visited them, to induce them to take the bitter quinine necessary, and would always try to show by example that fear would not make them well. One case only of typhus came.

The quarters are divided up into small and large rooms, and all connected with a verandah, in which they chiefly live, taking their meals on the floor, and always sewing on the door steps. Their fire places are in front, made of bricks or stones built round holes dug out of the ground, and sometimes roofed over by rough boards.

The men are incessant smokers, and coming down each Saturday night for their money, will talk and smoke for hours if allowed to do so.

The planter has to try and settle disputes, but

being of an intensely excitable nature, they like to carry their differences into the law courts, and if the "Signor" decides his case against them, they show their disapprobation by the most outlandish shouts and gestures, on one occasion going through the form of hanging their master, making his grave, and finally stamping on it with great energy. However, their excitement goes as quickly as it comes, and a few minutes afterwards they will be as jolly as possible, having forgotten all their animosity.

Public holidays occur frequently, and the Portugese take a great many religious ones also. Christmas and New Year's Days were ushered in by the glee singing and serenading of the natives, who roam about to all the houses from 11 p.m. to 3 a.m. Germans sang too, and sweetly enough, though the hours chosen were rather inconvenient.

On Christmas and New Years Days, the Planters used to get up races of all kinds, on foot and on horseback; and one year we had an exhibition of lassoing by the most expert Spaniola on the Plantation, Manoa by name, a very good-looking native; he threw the lasso with great grace and dexterity, trying it on some friendly Englishmen who offered

themselves as victims, for the ladies benefit, they riding as fast they could induce their steeds to go, and Manoa galloping after and making the broad loop fall round the waist of his quarry with the greatest ease possible, amid shouts of applause from the bystanders.

The natives also picked up half dollars from the ground, sweeping past us at full gallop without stopping, which was very pretty to watch.

The Portugese were fond of arraying themselves in white, with immense paper heads of animals on their shoulders, and bringing out a May pole, with numbers of bright ribbons, would go through regular old-fashioned Morris dances to some music of their own

They also danced what they called " fandangoes," a kind of tarentella, and were very fond of them on these occasions.

Kammehameha Day, and the King's birthday were the native holidays, and in old times they liked to give exhibitions of surf bathing, or swimming out on the top of a huge wave, armed with a plank, and then riding back on the crest of the wave, much as we do with our toboggans on the snow hills. But as with so many old native prac-

tices surf riding is rapidly going out, aud only seldom now can it be seen.

On all plantations good schools are provided by the Government, which also appoints the school teacher. At Kilauea there was a large building given to the Plantation by some kind donor for a church, and as it was too large for our scanty congregation, part of it was divided off into the school, and Hawaiian and English taught ad. lib.

Pastor Mahoi had a great levee in the church when it was first built, and everyone young and old was supposed to pay down their silver dollar on entering the building, to pay for the painting of the walls.

Long tables (an innovation) were spread with all the delicacies usual to the occasion ; the smoking pig being borne in by quite a procession of native and half-white damsels, with large leis of maille and flowers, Mr. Piggy being cut up into small pieces, disposed on plates, and eaten as usual with the fingers. A crowd of young people were hanging about outside, perhaps rather shy of facing their acquaintances ; this did not suit the Master of Ceremonies, a talkative lawyer, and he presentiy dashed out and after haranguing at the door triumphant'y hauled in the delinquents, and marched them up to

the table to deposit their dollars. Our boy Johnnie had anxiously requested an advance of wages that morning, and on my wanting to know what he wanted the money for! It was: "Me want a coat," "all same at chinese store," so to my astonishment I saw three youths being escorted up to the table by the M. C. and in one of the three sleek, brushed, white trousered, black coated trio I recognized Johnnie! he had determined not to be outdone, and had paid his $15 for a black broadcloth! I don't suppose he ever wore it again, for a native detests a coat of any kind.

Our English services were held on Sunday afternoons after the natives had got over their morning worship, which with them was a great event, the people *all* riding, women with babies in front, men with girls sometimes riding pillion-fashion. They sang a great deal, but when tired of Pastor Mahoi's exhortations would adjourn to the Chinese restaurant across the road, and have a cup of coffee or a pipe, then return to await the end.

The only native who did not ride, was a very old man, Pihi (fish) by name, who probably, in the days of his youth had never mounted a horse, and now thought it late in life to begin. He walked several

miles to church, and always carried a huge blue cotton umbrella, what for, I do not know, as sun and rain are alike to a Hawaiian. Pihi's bow, or rather salutation, was a thing to be seen, it was sweeping and stately to a degree, the wave of his hand and his cheering "Aloha, Aloha" quite charming.

The Portugese, being Roman Catholics went to a church at Molowaa, and a huge procession of carts and horses used to set off, looking picturesque indeed with the mass of bright colours. One of our labourers was anxious that I should be god-mother to a little baby girl, and it was to have one of my names. We found on searching their dictionary that "Carolina" was familiar to them, so that suited admirably. On the Sunday appointed we drove over to Molowaa and found a great crowd of Portugese and natives assembled. The ceremony of the baptism was long and tedious, and during that time the child was carried to the door, where the priest, followed by all the relatives of the child and ourselves, went to meet it. Apparently it was to be received anew into the church, and on his Reverence asking for the god-mother, I stepped forward and was asked, "Are you a Catholic." On my saying "No" he at once declined to let me officiate, but said, "You cannot promise for the

child, but you may promise she will be a good Catholic." I assented, and after giving a bright silk kerchief and some little presents for my god-child, we departed.

We had many Scotch friends on the plantation : Our Manager was from Mid-Lothian ; the doctor, sugar-boiler ; school master and minister combined; and head blacksmith, were all Scotch ; also the engineer, who brought out and controlled the great steam plough, which did such capital work in the fields ; and it was curious to hear the broad soft Scotch accent, amongst the many dialects and languages which assailed one's ear on a walk through the plantation, English, Portugese, German, Native, Japanese, Norwegian, Chinese, made up a great medley ; and now and then would be heard a French word or so.

There was a large restaurant in connection with the store for the convenience of the young white lunas, and the fare was generally good, the cook, Scharsh by name, being much above the average; quite a professional in fact.

A small English club was got up at one time ; it flourished fairly well, but at different periods would be dissolved, and then re-assembled ; the members

gave one or two little dances, especially when any lady visitors were to be had to swell the limited number of fair ones. Then riding parties were greatly in vogue, by afternoon, and by moonlight; sometimes to the top of what was known as the old Crater, though no tradition survives as to its ever having been active.

The Kilauea plantation was beautifully situated with the mountains on one side, the river running through it, and the Crater hill rising above the sea, which bounded the other line. A broad road ran through from the church to the store for nearly half a mile, with the mill and numerous rows of quarters on either side. Some of the cottages of the better class were quite pretty with bright gardens and verandahs covered with creepers of every kind.

When anyone leaves from one cause or another, everything possible is sold by auction, and that is a gala day for the people, especially natives, who fairly love the excitement of buying in that way, and will spend the whole day looking on at others doing likewise.

Accidents in the mill were not so frequent as one would imagine, but sometimes it was of course inevitable that they would come; and our sympathies

were always deep and sincere for the poor maimed fellows. Fortunately we had one excellent physician on either side of the island, and our own doctor was a good friend as well. He had come from one of the great Royal Infirmaries in Scotland, and used to the untiring vigilance and prompt obedience of nurses and patients there, was at times fairly dismayed at the utter disregard to his orders ; and stupidity shown by those on whom he had to attend in Kauai.

One day an elderly native woman broke her leg, the accident taking place some distance from the plantation, and she had been carried to the house of a relative who happened to live near at hand. The doctor set the limb, and bandaged it up comfortably in the usual way ; what was his wrath, when on visiting the patient a day or two later, he found the bandages unfastened, the splints gone, and some leaves bound round in their place. He good naturedly reset the bone, and left strict orders not to touch ; however, on his next round, he discovered the same process had been gone through with, so he gave up the patient into the hands of her own kahunas, who had no doubt been the means of frightening the old wretch into this rebellion ;

the old lady was a cripple in consequence, but notwithstanding, if a similar accident had happened, the doctor would have been certainly summoned, only to have his measures followed by the arrangement of what they termed "strong medicine"

Chinese are much the same, but not knowing the fear of death, they will not even attend on each other in times of sickness, a thing from which they shrink in abhorrence, and not even extra pay will induce them to shew common humanity in times of illness; their medicines are even more extraordinary than the native roots and leaves, one man asking one day if there was a certain drug to be obtained, which was made from the "monkeys brains," naturally his request could not be fulfilled.

One bright remembrance often occurs to us, of the visit of H. B. M. S. "Constance," which event took place about six miles from Kilauea, the ship anchoring in the beautiful harbour of Hanalei. The "Constance" brought down the British Commissioner from Honolulu, and as he came to stay with us at Wailele, and the Commander went to the manager's, our visitor dubbed Wailele the "British Legation," and the other home "The Admiralty."

Everyone got together every available conveyance and animal to bring our guests over to the plantation, and I believe hosts and guests enjoyed themselves equally. One of our middy's, now doubtless a gallant lieutenant, turned out to be a son of a very old friend, which made the meeting even pleasanter, and their three days sojourn in the far off island home will be always remembered with the kindest feelings.

On the last morning of their visit, two of the officers walked over from Hanalei, to Wailele for breakfast, a feat which was looked upon by most people as an act of madness, in a country where no one ever walks any distance.

Just below the house was a deep pool under the fall, and in that our merry naval friends disported themselves long, they declaring that the fresh water swim was the greatest treat they had since leaving England. We had many and welcome visitors to Wailele, but none more so than the officers of "The Constance." The Manager's home was also close to the river, which being very dark in colour just there, gave it the name of Waiuli Hall, or "House by the black water." There was always a great dinner given in the handsome dining room at

Christmas time to all who could come, and the hospitality of Waiuli was well known in the island, the garden was lovely, sloping down to the river bank, with a large fountain round which grew ferns and red ginger in profusion ; and a border of large white spider lilies was beautiful to look on, and delicious in scent The view from the verandah steps was charming, the river winding down 'til lost in the sea, and the varied tints of the luxuriant foliage completing the picture.

CHAPTER X.

Opening of the Legislature in Honolulu—Ceremony—The Debate——The Wonderful Interpreter—News Flies Fast—My First and only Scorpion—Other Insects—Visit to the Market.

IN a subsequent visit to the gay capital of Honolulu, I experienced two things, of a widely different character however.

One was the opening of and the debate at the Hawaiian Legislature; the other was my first and only introduction to a scorpion!

First, surely, should come the ceremony performed in person by His Majesty.

The debates are carried on by the reverend and grave Seigneurs in a large, handsome room in the Public Buildings, in front of which stands the really splendid statute of Kamamhamha I., and on the appointed day, of which we had been made aware by tickets "For the Floor" having been most kindly presented me, in company with Her Britannic Majesty's Commissioner, and Vice-Consul, we drove up to the great door through quite an avenue of King's Guards outside, and passed through a line

of Kahili bearers with gorgeous feathered capes, inside the long hall, in waiting for the royal family.

The room was thronged with all the elite of Honolulu, most of the ladies in handsome morning dress. We had excellent seats for observing, which we did with all our eyes. Facing us was a large dais, with a throne-like chair and canopy, all covered with crimson and gold. To the right and left of the dais were arm chairs for the Judges of the Supreme Court and the Diplomatic Corps. The Judges, four in number, were arrayed in robes of a deep maroon satin, trimmed with fur of some kind. I heard they were like those assumed by the Judges in Switzerland, but cannot vouch for the fact.

The British Commissioner, American Minister, (or in exact form, I should reverse that order); the Foreign Consuls and Staff were in uniform; and all the ladies had donned their brightest array. The wife of the Portugese Consul looked particularly attractive in a pale heliotrope satin gown draped with a Spanish mantilla, which was worn with natural grace. Now we heard "Hawaii Ponoi," and presently the King and his sister, Princess Lydia, preceded by the Chamberlains and Kahili bearers, came in and took up their station in front of the throne, and while we

all stood, His Majesty read the speech, first in English, then in Hawaiian. The King, as before described, has a remarkably soft musical voice, and I was glad to hear the Hawaiian language read by a chief, as there is an immense difference in the intonation, each syllable being so clearly and well pronounced.

The Princess stood calmly surveying the people, scarcely moving while the speech was being read, her crimson satin looking very handsome in the bright light. Her Royal Highness was in full evening dress, with an immense train, a bright crimson blossom in her dark hair, and carried a lace handkerchief and fan.

At the conclusion, the King declared the session open, wished us all loha mui, handed the speech to the A.D.C., bowed gravely twice, and withdrew, followed by the Kahili bearers. A curious mixture of the barbaric and conventional, and the impression was always left that these people, though perhaps not all that we might desire in some ways, yet carry off their royalty with the mien of "To the manor born." Others may argue that there should be no display, look on it all as nonsensical in this nineteenth century; but on occasions such as the one described, it was always curious to mark the

grave dignity of bearing evinced by the Hawaiian chiefs.

A few days afterwards when we went to hear a debate, we found the aspect of the chamber somewhat changed; the floor being taken up with desks, at each of which sat two members, the dark faces of the Hawaiians showing in contrast to their paler brethern. In two rows of chairs facing each other on either side of the dais were respectively, on the right the members of the Cabinet, on the left the Nobles, who are always termed "Honourable" they answer something to our Senate, but have the same chamber as the Representatives.

The venerable-looking President, as the office of our Speaker is termed, occupied a large chair at the front of the dais, the throne behind, being evidently only used on State occasions. Immediately below the dais was the Interpreter, who filled his office in a most marvellous fashion; in front of him was a railed-in space enclosing a large table at which sat several reporters busily engaged with their short-hand.

An animated debate was going on, in which many members were constantly joining, but only one, of course was allowed the floor at a time.

Now came into display the powers of the Interpreter; for instance, up would get a member ready for the fray, burning with eloquence, a flood of words pouring out in defence of his point, he would go on for perhaps three minutes if in English, when, lo, up would go the Interpreter's hand, the English tongue would be suddenly silenced, and the words taken red hot as it were out of his mouth and translated into a much more eloquent flow of Hawaiian! gestures telling of indignation, appeal, surprise, assertion, were all carried out most faithfully. In a few moments the stream of speech would cease, the former orator would take up his theme again, and would be about regaining what he had lost by the interruption, and begining to feel he was doing his subject justice, when up would go the hand of fate, and again the soft native words would translate the harsher English for the benefit of the Hawaiian members.

The member for Honolulu got up to speak, but his eloquence was summarily disposed of in concise English. Again, a white brother took the floor, with the same result, as before, aad I began to feel sóme sympathy with the members, for no one, I should think, not even the grand old man himself could carry

on a debate in this fashion without feeling that he was at least being cruelly treated, to the detriment of his speech, and the failure of eloquence. The interpreter I am sure, took care that his native hearers should lose nothing by his translation; he walked up and down in quarter-deck fashion, always keeping his face to the house holding his audience by sheer force of clever interpretation; in fact he was the whole house embodied in one man; his apparent interest in everything was so extraordinary, no speaking by rote, but shewing a feeling of responsibility on every subject he took up, as though he was personally involved. Imagine all this in a not very airy room full of people, the thermometer probably registering at least 70° in the shade outside, and then think of all the exertion required for this, day after day.

I came away deeply impressed with what I had witnessed, and also with the fact that news flies fast, as when I returned to the house where I was staying, I was told with great glee by a young member of the household, that the evening paper already reported the fact that "Mrs. Captain Forsyth Grant, occupied a chair on the floor of the house this afternoon," at which we weregreatly amused.

Now from the sublime to the ridiculous, comes my interview with a scorpion. Other insects, such as immense grey spiders, with legs as thick as a pen holder and hairy withal, I had learned to look on with a certain degree of tolerance, especially in the case of the spider, as I was always told by the Chinaman, "No killee him, he eatee mosquitto." Centipedes I did not love, and was a bit frightened of the great black and red creatures, which if you did cut them in half did not seem to mind, but tradition said actually joined together again! To the latter I cannot assert, but I certainly have seen both halves of the wretched creature move. Cockroaches as large as mice almost, were to be met with always, and the only thing which seemed really to get rid of them was an application of crushed borax, or Persian insect powder, both of these being in some way obnoxious to them, and in consequence a careful house-wife had to cover her linen shelves, and dose liberally everything which had to be put away for a time. Ants of every species carried their armies into everything, and the only way to get rid of them was to put the legs of tables and safes into cans of water, but as a friend said once to me, "Ants are so self-sacrificing, they

will bridge with their bodies a way for their companions to gain the desired end."

Frogs and snakes there were none. I remember being so struck by a mother of a family once asking me to tell her children exactly what a frog was like, for as she remarked, "The only thing they know of frogs are their pictures, and in an ordinary lesson book, frogs are made the same size as flies!" perfectly true too!

All these creatures I was "well acquainted with," but never a scorpion had I seen until one morning I took up a sponge, and saw what I took to be a friendly grey spider ensconsced inside. I poked at it with my finger, when to my horror out wriggled a hideous looking, uncanny monster. I called to a young friend near, and she cried out, "Oh, what a big scorpion, wait a moment," which I did, and she hurried back with a huge hat pin, with which she impaled the beast against the wall, leaving him to die a lingering death, but from my observation I should say a scorpion had no feeling to speak of. It seemed to be all long claws coming forth from a thin, almost transparent body; and a tail which curled right over its whole length, was almost transparent also, but the extreme tip of which had a

bright scarlet spot, and my friend told me that was the only drop of blood in its whole body. The bite of the scorpion is supposed to be almost deadly in its effects, and is greatly dreaded, so I suppose I had a narrow escape when I put an enquiring finger into Mr. Scorpion s abode.

While in Honolulu during this visit I went to the market one Saturday afternoon, and was much interested in watching the motley crowd making their purchases of fish, always tied up in green leaves, the long feelers of the squid hanging down in all directions ; fruit of every description, from piles of pineapples to baskets of limes, water melons, greatly liked by the natives, fresh figs, mangoes, alligator pears, etc., mingling with enormous bunches of bananas, which grow wild all over the Islands.

Outside the market place were the women selling their leis of flowers of all kinds ; they were all lounging in every conceivable lazy attitude on the ground, with their wares displayed on mats beside them. Roses, jasmine, oleander, wild ginger, all went to make up the fragrant necklaces. The vendors were chattering, smoking, talking at the top of their voices, laughing, all the while threading

the blossoms on the thin fibre used to string the leis together. With their bright coloured holokus, dark faces, white teeth, and all the tropical surroundings of a brilliant sunshine, palm trees, the market stalls heaped with all kinds of curious things, Chinamen walking about carrying calabashes of poi for sale, and the general air of lazy inactivity which always prevails in a Hawaiian crowd, the contrast to a bustling northern market was strong indeed.

The climate of Honolulu is most delightful from October to June ; the later summer months being hot and dusty ; and the young people have delightful parties of all kinds, to suit the climate ; pic-nics on horseback, when a thin dress is sent on in the provision waggon to replace the heavy riding gear, in order to scramble about in the woods are charming.

Bathing parties by moonlight are a great recreation, many people having pretty summer homes down on the sea shore some distance from the town, and from the verandahs of which one can step into the sea. Tennis, cricket and baseball flourish, the two former games especially so when ship's officers are amongst the visitors to the town.

The different public holidays are periods of fun and merriment of different kinds.

Queen Victoria's birthday is always observed by a reception at the British Commissioner's; sometimes, as was the case on this visit, by a ball under the same hospitable roof, when the sailors from the flag-ship "Swiftsure" were the skilful decorators of the improvised ball room, and the beautiful band of the ship furnished the delightful dance music. Herr Beger's "boys" as he calls them, having given us a selection of English airs during the morning; enjoyed extremely while sitting under the shade of the pomegranate trees then in full blossom.

The other national holidays are always observed much in the same manner; such as the 4th July, Kammehameha day, etc.

The most ordinary ball-room can be easily transformed into beautifully decorated rooms with the masses of palms and flowers, mingled with ferns and maille always so easily obtained. One young lady was quite famous for her taste in arranging the different groups of green and colour, and was always greatly in demand during any special season of gaiety, and her kindness was as well known as her talent.

In such a tropical climate flowers seem the easiest things in the world to obtain, and the

decorations of the cathedral at festive seasons were most beautiful. One Easter I specially remember from the exquisite beauty of the arrangements.

For many years the decorations have been divided into certain parts by different members of the congregation; thus, the kindly wife of her Britannic Majesty's Commissioner always undertakes the pulpit, assisted by her daughters. Three charming girls, all cousins, took special charge of the font, and the lay sisters of St. Andrew's Priory made the altar beautiful by their work; the members of the choir decorated other portions of the church; and in that way all knew beforehand exactly what they were to do, and made their preparations accordingly—each getting together all the flowers for the special work Such division of labour makes it interesting to all, and one might recommend this plan to any parish. The Easter flowers are in such profusion in Honolulu that there is no lack of choice. One lady I heard saying,—"I am afraid that I shall not have enough tuberoses in the garden; I must beg from my friends,"—and apparently she had begged to good effect, for on Easter Even, going into her house, it seemed filled with the perfume of the lovely flowers, and on my asking where they were, I was taken to see the

huge wooden bath, about eight feet in circumference, simply filled with the sweet-scented things. There was no other receptacle large enough to hold the mass. The natives have their early service first, and we did not go till the mid-day one. The font, which was near the door, had its base wreathed in green and white, and the cover, which was a very high pointed one of wood, was literally covered with nothing but stephanotis and violets, making the most beautiful pyramid possible. The pulpit had small tin cases fastened in two rows, painted green, and thus concealing themselves behind and among the banks of tuberoses, heliotrope and cloth of gold and Marechal Niel roses. The altar was apparently standing almost in a shrubbery of flowers, and a very handsome cross of brass work rose out of the sweet blossoms, adding much to the effect. The service is high in St. Andrew's, and the gorgeous robes of the Bishop and his assistants made a glowing picture in the rather dark interior of the chancel. Just in front of where I was sitting were the royal pews, and on the ledge were large crimson velvet covered books, with the royal coat of arms and motto emblazoned on them. The royal family are regular in their attendance at the two native churches, in both of which their Ma-

jesties take great interest—the king himself not disdaining to speak sometimes at meetings held in the church.

On two occasions when visiting friends in Honolulu, the cathedral was well filled with blue jackets, several ships of war, English and American, being in the harbor at the time, and the bright, fresh faces of the men in trim and spotless uniforms were very plesant to see. A service on board the Swiftsure, a large flagship lying outside the reef, and to which we were taken in a beautiful steam launch is a bright remembrance.

The kindness and hospitality of the people of Honolulu to their visitors is indeed great, and I imagine the charming climate will obviate the necessity of a demand for anything more of a conventional state of society, as the life is naturally so much more in the open air and sunshine than could possibly be obtained in a northern climate, and people can therefore meet together readily, and without ceremony.

I have heard, however not a tradition either, that since Her Majesty's return from England, Queen Kapiolani has given several "afternoon teas," to ladies only, and that the gatherings at the Palace

were most popular, being enjoyed by hostess and guests alike, and no doubt gossip at Honolulu is indulged in, over the fragrant cup, as easily now-a-days, as the songs and legends were heard in years gone by, by the Hawaiians of old over the calabash of poi, or bowl of awa.

CHAPTER XI.

An interesting episode.—Johnnie.—Kealia House.—Pic-nic up the Waialua.—Koloa.—The Judge's Home.—Mrs. Sinclair and Family.—Ideal Life.—Waimea River.—Kekaha.—Visit there.—Lepers at Waimea.—Cane at Kekaha.—Old Kahuna.—Blue Lake at Kekaha.—Barking Sands.—Wachiava Ranche.—Burial Caves.—Hanamaula.—Home again at Kilauea.

And now we were to have a most interesting journey, one which created a good deal of surprise from our friends on all sides, and that was, a long drive of no less than 120 miles, as far round the island of Kauai as could be managed without crossing the mountain, and back to Kilauea, and all to be done in our little phaeton, with the assistance of a cart wherein to carry our luggage, which we were thus enabled to send from place to place, taking a bag in the phaeton to guard against contingencies.

A stoical native boy, Johnnie, of whom mention has been made before, promised to come with us, and act as courier in general, and "hookey up" in particular, so on the appointed day he made his appearance in a very wonderful get up of white trowsers, blue flannel shirt with enormous white buttons, high boots with jugling spurs, a huge felt hat with a lei of ginger round it, and another lei of

maille leaves over his shoulders, the finishing touches being given by a great leather belt, and a brilliant cotton handkerchief, like Joseph's coat, of divers colours, tied in a loose knot about his neck. Thus accoutered, I am sure Johnnie looked on himself as the one person of importance in the trio. Johnnie was supposed to ride a mule of well known steady manners, driving another in front, on which we had strapped the bulk of the luggage; however, this last proved a dead failure, for after giving him at least two hours start, we drove off, and when passing through a road some few miles away, we descried Master Johnnie riding in the dègagè manner peculiar to natives, and letting the pack mule wander at his own sweet will, which being of an erratic tendency, was just then taking him perilously near the edge of a very steep gulch thereby endangering our precious packages most uncomfortably. The truth was, Johnnie's dignity was hurt; starting off was a novelty to him, but as the day wore on, "Ginger," the pack mule, got weary of his burden, and "Whiskey," the one Johnnie bestrode, did not object to following the quiet pace necessary to the pack mule, and as a native is only happy when going at full gallop, or loping canter, he thought he was being cheated out of his pleasure

due him, and my firm belief is that Johnnie would not have been overcome with sorrow if Ginger had tumbled over the gulch. However, we encouraged him with cheery words, and drove on, leaving him most disconsolate, and he did not appear at the rendezvous until after ten o'clock that night. The next morning he was sent back to Kilauea for a small cart in which he thereafter drove the mules, and everything went smoothly enough.

We spent two days at our friends the pastor's at Kapaa, and found him in the best of spirits, and his garden a blaze of colour and blossom as usual.

While there we rode over to the handsome and hospitable residence of the owner of the two plantations, Kapaa, and Kealia; the house, a modern two-storied structure with mansard roof stood in beautiful gardens, where roses of every hue grow almost into trees of exquisite beauty. In front of the house was a small artificial lake in which grew masses of pink water lilies, which were very lovely. Here the Australian Euchylyptus trees were in great profusion, their fragrant leaves diffusing a delicious odour when crushed. Olives grew there too, their dusky colour revealing the true "olive green."

The rides and drives about were, as usual, lovely in the extreme. One pic-nic up the Waialua river lingers in my memory. We started a party of eight, a lot of young people with us, and sailed up the pretty river where the "windings" in and out were constantly opening visions of beauty; ferns, reeds, grasses grew down to the edges, and were mirrored as in a glass. Magnificent guavas grew in such profusion that we stopped for luncheon where we could pick huge basketfuls without any trouble. Here a very funny incident occurred. A native had begged us to give him a seat in the boat, and his request being acceded to, he wished to take the whole command on himself, which was, however, calmly, but firmly objected to. He proceeded to talk a great deal, standing up in the boat, working his hand now in this direction, now in that, as he thought the course ought to be shifted, and we came to the conviction that the would be skipper had been indulging in his favourite tipple, whatever it might be, to the extent of making him slightly incoherent.

When we landed he was very officious, and on being suppressed, he got sulky, lit his pipe, and established himself in an easy attitude on the forked branch of a tree several feet from the

ground. There he lay, presently fell asleep and snored vociferously: but while we were trying the depths of the hospitable luncheon basket, we heard a tremendous report of breaking wood, and going to find out the mischief done, we discovered that the branch on which our friend had made his couch had completely broken from the tree the sleeper lay flat on his back, the pipe still in his mouth, but all the same the slumberer was undisturbed from his sleep! Our laughter should have awakened him, if anything would, but he still slept so soundly that we thought it a pity to disturb him, and so left him to his fate. I might here remark that on our retnrning some hours later to bring our guavas, the native was still asleep! What became of him I do not know; the river lay between him and his home, but that is a small obstacle to a Hawaiian.

A long way up the Waialua we came to a once beautiful estate, where coffee had been found in immense quantities, and flourishing crops were obtained until the blight came and destroyed everything.

Taro patches covered the valley, and on the top

of the hill, we could make out the stone foundations of what once had been a lovely home.

At a short distance a double waterfall made a really beautiful picture, and after gazing for a long time at the whirling rapids, and the varied foliage, we made our way down to the boat again, enjoying the sail home in the short tropical twilight.

We left Kapaa on a brilliant morning, and after a drive of some hours through an undulating road, reached a pretty cottage home, where we were welcomed by the kind and courteous judge of that district, and his daughter, who was known for her beauty and sweet manners all over Kauai.

Koloa was the name of the plantation, and it was almost a town, with shaded roads, and pretty old-fashioned houses with verandahs covered with creepers, varied by smaller habitations. There were two churches, a large district school, one or two "stores" and the usual plantation buildings.

The house at which we were received was a small cottage in the main building with a verandah in front, round which wandered a beautiful grey and pink paraquet which was a great amusement to all new-comers; to the right of the house was the kitchen, and the judge's office; to the left, a large

room for visitors, all detached, in the usual island fashion.

The cottage was almost buried in sugar cane, which grew thickly in front of the house, and behind babbled a lively little brook through a pretty wood; the judge was a great poultry fancier, and everywhere one went chickens of all sizes and ages seemed to appear from all sorts of nooks and corners.

We spent three pleasant days at Koloa, enjoying discussions on many things, from evolution to poultry, for the judge was a great reader and deep thinker, and was able, best of all, to impart his thoughts to his ready listeners.

We left Koloa early one bright morning, and at mid-day passed through another plantation called Eeele-Eeele (Elly-elly), where we saw in the distance a white house, seemingly nestled at the foot of the mountains, at which we later had a most pleasant visit. Further on we saw some extensive rice fields, which were so gaily decorated with poles from which fluttered streamers of every hue imaginable that at first one thought there must be some festa in progress, but the deafening noise of the cans hung up in the breeze, and popping of

guns, soon made us aware that all this display was for nothing but to frighten the little rice birds from the grain on which they vainly strove to feast.

We came in sight of the sea, along which a rough road wound, and presently were confronted by a truly awful looking hill cut out of the rock, on which one could discern a narrow bridle path, well worn, with rocks of every shape and size on either side ; the carriage *had* to go up, and so had we, so with a cheering word to Hop, our little carriage mule, a willing animal but a trifle treacherous with his heels at times, we began the ascent, the coachman walking beside with reins in his hands. Such a bumping and shaking was seldom experienced, but we did manage it, and at last after a severe struggle during which the wheels were almost at right angles with each other at times, we reached the top, and looked down from our rocky elevation on the plains where stood a large rambling homestead, white, with green blinds and wide verandahs, surrounded by trees and flowers.

The descent was easier on that side, and at the foot of the hill we turned to the right through a gate into a road that led up to the house, across a primitive bridge, underneath which ran a wide

stream with steep banks. As we approached the house, our kind friends came to the verandah steps to meet us. First came a fairy god-mother-like old Scotch lady, whose name is known far and wide in the Hawaiian Islands. By her side stood the eldest son and his wife; two kind matronly faces smiled in welcome, also daughters of our hostess; and again, another generation behind, in the two granddaughters, and grandsons. I may here mention the fact that many years ago, the head of this fine family with sons and daughters left Australia to seek another home in the wide Pacific, and they, being rich in the worlds goods took a ship for themselves, and "sailed, and sailed, and sailed," until they landed by preference on the shores of Kauai, and here made a home, or rather homes, for besides the house on the plains (the native name of which I forgot,) they have a charming retreat in the mountains called "Makaweli," to which they can escape when the heat gets intense, and where, wonderful to relate, there is a fireplace! And where the coolness of the climate is such that a fire is kept constantly burning, and to anyone who had not seen a fire for years, that of itself was an immense attraction. Another grandson had bought

the Island of Niihau, and lived there in truly patriarchal fashion, amongst his flocks and herds and with no communication with the outer world, except what was attainable through an occasional visit of the steamer and a trip now and then in one of his many whaling skiffs. A young family growing up, however, must eventually, one would think, disturb the calm and quiet of such a retired life.

The house on the plain was built to accomodate, many a visitor, each bed-room being made to open on the verandahs all round the house, with a dressing-room at one end. And frequently eighteen in number sat down to the table, for another daughter and her family were settled within a few miles. The drawing-room was large, filled with evidences of a charming home life, piano, books, work, pictures, and all description of curious and interesting objects brought from abroad, where different members of the family would go for a prolonged visit to far-away regions.

Mrs. Sinclair owned immense tracts of lands, and the natives therefore owed to her allegiance in the way of work, in return for being able to keep their dearly loved grass huts and Taro patches intact.

A great deal of land was being turned into sugar

cane during our sojourn, and the rich soil promised abundant crops, if irrigation could be attained, and since our return we have seen accounts of engineers being employed to convey water from the numerous mountain streams to the fields, which will be all that is wanted to ensure phenonemal crops.

We had a delicious luncheon, such home-made bread and butter, such vegetables, preserved mangoes and cream as seldom comes to one's lot in Hawaii, and our long drive had sharpened our appetites into being able to do full justice to the meal, which was served to us by an old white-haired native butler. After luncheon we went to see some beautiful Arab horses, which had been recently imported, and greatly admired the handsome creatures which poked their fine muzzles for the bread which they all contentedly took from kind hands, and pawed the ground with high-bred feet as though impatient for a swift galop on the breezy plains.

Towards evening we left our kind hostess as we were to reach Kekaha, the farthest plantation on Kauai, for a long promised visit ; and were very happy to have the opportunity again later on, of renewing our acquaintance with this ideal family

party. For it was an ideal life, surrounded by their own kindred, charming homes, those dependent on them glad to be so, and with a feeling of attachment which can only come from a life-long service; a perfect climate, and with means to cross the broad seas whenever inclined for change and health; what can more closely realize the perfect life? True, there is no church near at hand, but morning and evening brings family prayers, which in old days was the only form of worship known; horses in abundance to ride, and carriages to drive gave exercise to all, the broad sea beach a quarter of a mile from the house invited those who wished to bathe to do so, the exquisite changes of atmosphere brought pictures of land and seas to gratify the eye, and the wonderful ferns and foliage gave subjects for the artists' pencil, as are seldom seen.

Mrs. Frank Sinclair was an accomplished artist, and her sketches of flowers and plants, including orchids, were really beautiful. I think they have been bound together for private distribution, and would be a valuable addition to a flower-lover's collection.

A lodge in the mountains gave the gentlemen the means of "camping out" for days, while hunting wild cattle, a dangerous, and no doubt, an interest-

ing pastime for a lover of sport; and still another sylvan retreat, built in a picturesque spot in the high woods, added the touch of romance, when I may add that before we left Kauai, two of the young cousins got married, and went to spend their honeymoon in the pretty cottage, to which they rode after the ceremony, followed by the good wishes of the immense party of relatives assembled to the wedding.

After leaving Mrs. Sinclair's we drove to the banks of the Waimea River, which was very much swollen from the rain, and their found Johnnie with the cart and mules. A large party of natives looked on with interest when we prepared to ford the river, but a second look made me sure the little phaeton would be submerged if we attempted to cross in it. What was to be done? I could not ride across very well in my every-day raiment, with the chance of getting wet, and try the carriage I would not. The question was solved by putting me in the cart, which of course was much higher, and being driven with the mules, who never object to water.

The phaeton was driven over by a native, and at one time it looked as if he and the carriage and

Hop would all swim off together towards the sea, so deep were the waters; however, we were all landed at last in safety, and I was deeply relieved when we were able to start in our proper order again. There was a capital bridge built a little lower down, but the ends were not finished so that a carriage could go on it; but after that experience I found I could walk across it well enough, and wait while the carriage was driven across the ford. We drove on across a flat sandy road, passing the mill at Waimea, and came in sight at sun down of Kekaha plantation, which is built almost on the sea shore, the cane fields running up all towards the mountains.

We passed a pretty house with a fountain and flower garden, and drove through a sort of compound in which were some grass huts, and taro patches beyond, and finally drew up in front of a modern house, one story as usual, with a wide verandah running round three sides, and shaded by some splendid mangoe trees. In a few minutes we were welcomed by the master of the house, a most kind courteous friend to us, and installed in a large and comfortable bed-room charmingly furnished, and we soon were at supper, where the

host and his partner served the most delicious coffee I have ever tasted. Being both Germans, coffee was a necessity, and their little Vienna machine certainly produced a most excellent form of that beverage, strong, hot, and fragrant ; here we were introduced to the German combinations of food which are put up in tins in Germany, and thus find their way so many thousands of miles. Cabbage with vinegar, small sausages, big sausages, cheeses all new to us, fish of a kind unknown to our primitive ideas, and other things excellent in their way were pressed on us.

While at Kekaha we had fresh cocoa nuts frequently ; a native boy climbing up the trees, many of which grew close by, and bringing the young green fruit down for us ; in that state the meat was a delicate white pulp to be eaten with a spoon from the shell, and the milk was very cool and pleasant on a warm day ; and the days are generally warm at Kekaha. It was a cooler period than had been experienced for a long time, during our stay there, and seldom the therometer went below 75° in the shade, but the air was so softly tempered by the sea breezes, that we rarely felt the heat oppressive The air is extremely dry at Kekaha, more so

than in other parts of the island, and is most beneficial to anyone suffering from rheumatism or neuralgia ; several cases were brought to our notice, cases of severity as well as of long standing which gave way to the salubrious effect of the soft dry atmosphere.

In the rides and drives about one saw many novel and curious sights. The river, or rather the valley of the Waimea is a purely native settlement, and the huts are of every size and shape, almost buried under glowing foliage of every hue.

Oranges are particularly good there, and riding past a pretty little grass hut one day, we were attracted by the sight of a fine tall orange tree in full blossom, and bearing, I should think hundreds of the bright golden fruit ; I never saw a more perfect specimen of an orange tree. The natives swarmed in numbers through the valley, and they would lie about in the laziest of attitudes, returning our "Alohas" with indifference.

Many lepers are there too, poor unhappy creatures, but the movements of the Sheriff and his officers are too closely watched for justice to be done as it should. The fastnesses of the mountains are almost inaccessible except to those who are born near

there and in consequence, know of all the secret hiding places which are sought immediately an alarm is given. The word Molokai means of course, banishment in its most awful sense, a living death indeed ; and to escape this in isolated cases, the whole Hawaiian race is being exterminated.

The Government have proposed making a retreat for the lepers of Kauai on their own island, and I may here copy from one of the Honolulu papers, an account of an expedition of inquiry, undertaken by the members of the Board of Health to satisfy themselves as to whether it was practical to do so.

"On Tuesday of last week His Excellency L. A. Thurston, Minister of Interior, Dr. N. B. Emerson, President of the Board of Health, and Mr. W. E. Rowell, Superintendent of Public Works, all of them members of the Board of Health, embarked for Kauai on the steamer Mikahala. They returned by the same steamer on Sunday, when a representative of this paper obtained from the President of the Board an account of the expedition.

"By an arrangement with the captain of the boat, with the consent of Mr. G. N. Wilcox, an I. I. S. N. Co. director, the Mikahala called at

the valley of Kalalau on the morning of Thursday. Leaving Waimea they steamed along the coast for about 18 miles. The view of the mountain cliffs was wonderful, the carving of nature being declared by the members of the party as unsurpassed on these islands in beauty and sublimity. This was especially true of the pinnacles and gorges next to the above named valley. The mountains back are 4,000 or 5,000 feet of elevation at their highest. The only access to the valley is by difficult trail over the mountains, or by another trail along the precipitous cliffs of the coast in the direction of Haena, on the Hanalei side. During nearly six months access by boats is forbidden on account of the breakers, the sand of the beach for that time being washed away so as to leave nothing but a rocky beach. This stormy period lasts from October or November to March or April.

"The expedition left the steamer in boats and were carried through the surf in canoes, making very exciting business for which the party prepared by removing their foot gear. They found a fine sandy beach of about 200 feet in breadth to the overhanging bluffs. There horses were

found in waiting, on which they rode to the village, a distance of about a third—or half a mile, accompanied by a large number of the population, which altogether approaches sixty or seventy souls, including about twelve lepers and one Chinaman. The rest of the population are a fine, healthy lot of people, above the average for large and symmetrical physique. There was notably a healthy looking band of children, numbering twenty-three, attending the school.

"The food resources of the valley are abundant. There are at least seventy-five acres of land either under cultivation in taro or capable of being so cultivated. Many more acres are suitable for raising Irish or sweet potatoes, yams, bananas, sugar cane, etc. There is a fine stream of water which in the present dry month is more than ample for all necessities, irrigation as well as household.

"Reaching the settlement, the expedition rode inland far enough to gain a fair view of the larger part of the valley, thus assuring themselves of its extent and resources."

This is the valley to which the lepers of the Island of Kauai are said to desire to be transferred,

that they may here be segregated from the rest of the people, and thus be permitted to escape removal to the leper settlement at Kalawao. It was with the purpose of gaining accurate information on this point, and seeing for themselves how the land lay, that these three members of the Board of Health made this visit to the valley.

The cane at Kekaha was a marvellous sight, so enormous in height, thickness and quantity. Some of the sugar canes were thirty feet high, and we tried to count the number of sticks growing in one stool, as it is called, a clump in other words, and after counting thirty-six, we gave up in despair; the crops of sugar of course are enormous, eight tons of sugar to an acre, and over seven and five tons for the second and third growths, or ratoons, as they are called.

But to cap this, comes the question of irrigation, all surface water is brackish, and in consequence artesian wells have to be sunk in every direction, and pumped into the flumes to water the fields, the wells are kept going by steam power, and with coal at sixteen dollars a ton, it seems difficult to know how such huge expenses can be met to any advantage. Some years ago the profits were so

large that it seemed as though the planters must make large fortunes in a very few years, and they did, but when the Germans swept the markets of the world with their beetroot sugar, the splendid cane sugar sank into the background, and has continued to sink ; whether it will rise, is a question ? I trow not, while the foreign labour clamours for high wages, and the native coolie is unknown.

The water was often quite hot shortly after leaving the pumping house, and the servants used to be able to get hot water a few yards away without trouble ; there seemed to be an immeuse quantity of lime also in the water, and if the kettle was not carefully attended to it would get a solid incrustation of lime inside, leaving only a few inches of space for the water. Though sparkling and clear, it induced great thirst if much was drank, and there was a story told of a visitor, who drank the delightfully cold water with great avidity the first day of his arrival, at night he was still thirsty, and a large jug of water was left in his room for him ; sleep fled however, the thirst still continued, and by morning both jugs were emptied, as well as the water bottle.

Near our temporary home, was a large native

grass hut to which an addition had evidently been intended, as part of the roof and one side were done, but Hawaiian laziness had stopped just then, and there seemed little prospect of its being finished. In the habitable part lived a large native woman, with a shock of curly white hair, who invariably wore immense gold rimmed spectacles. She was a "lady doctor," and appeared to have a large number of patients judging from the visitors constantly about the house. Passing there one day I was greatly edified to see the old dame sitting *a la turque*, her spectacles imparting a most learned air to her countenance, in front of her open fire in the ground, reading from a large book spread on her lap to an attentive audience; it was the Bible!

While at Kekaha, a kind friend sent me a present of some squid, as a rarity, but I did not much care to try it, so our host suggested my giving it to the old lady Kahuna, so we walked down to the hut and found her squatting over the fire of embers, on which was a tin pot of water; on asking if anyone was ill, after receiving her thanks for the squid she said, "Ai, my husband is sick inside, he no like cold water to drink, so I make it warm." And she accordingly dipped her finger in now and then to

see if it was the right temperature. I peeped into the hut and saw a man lying on some dirty mats with a little child nestling beside him, they both looked up with their big black eyes but said nothing, so after looking at the untidy place heaped up with all kinds of things, I dropped the mat which served for a door and was glad to breathe the pure air once more. We left the old dame still testing the water with her finger!

The same old Native met me one day when we were both riding; she had a huge piece of sugar cane, several feet long, which she was tearing with her teeth to extract the sweet juice, and on seeing me she gave her horse a kick, grinned from ear to ear, and held out her sugar cane with a most cordial air of invitation to taste. I never cared much for the sugar cane, it was so tough and fibrous, and such a lot of trouble to get at the juice, but the natives young and old are excessively fond of it, and many white people too.

One warm day our kind host asked us to come and see the far famed Blue Lake, and we accepted the invitation at once, as we knew from hearsay of this extraordinary phenomenon. We mounted and set off along a good road, but dusty, until after leaving

the actual road itself shaded by mangoe trees, we emerged on a broad plain, bounded on one side by the ocean, and on the other by frowning heights. The sides of the mountain range being in this place darker, and more bare of foliage than I saw them anywhere else; deep gulches however, made a welcome break in the red earth and rock, shewing cool and green in their grassy depths.

In many parts of Kauai the grass is infested with a small seed, called "piddy grass," which is most troublesome to anyone walking, as it covers the lower part of ones garments for several inches, and can only be got rid of by a violent scraping of the cloth with the back of a knife, a brush not being hard enough.

But here at Kekaha the grass was soft, spongy, and a blue green colour, delightful to walk or ride on, and most nourishing feed for animals. On the plain were many clumps of cocoa-nuts, and herds of cattle feeding in all directions; we crossed a slight depression in the ground, ascended a low hill, or rather rise, and before us lay the lovely Blue Lake.

It lay immediately in front of our path, surrounded the wide plain, which formed a bank, on which

were ferns in varied beauty; the tall cocoa-nut palms waved their graceful feathery heights over the clear blue water, which seemed to mirror all in its crystal reflections; cattle stood enjoying the cool depths to their knees, the hot sun seemed to give a deeper, more intense hue to the water even as we looked, and a simultaneous "How lovely" came from us both. The shimmering waters of the broad Pacific on one side, and the rocky coast beyond, seemed to be a perfect perspective for this exquisite picture; after gazing for a long time, we moved on to see if we could ford the lake, or skirt round it to reach the "Barking Sands" just beyond. The lake apparently was but a short distance, and every moment we expected to get a nearer view of it; (a clearer one, could not be,) but as we rode, we appeared not to get closer, we passed the cocoa palms, the cattle, but still no water; suddenly, as though in a vision, the lovely Blue Lake was gone. We looked, and looked again, but only bare sand met the eye; we rode on, completely bewildered, when our host said, "Now, look back." We did so and there behind us was the crystal lake, mirroring the palms and the cattle laving the blue waters, but although, apparently, we must have gone through

the deepest part, our own senses told us that we had come entirely on dry land.

The Blue Lake of Kekaha was a mirage, and a mirage as must be seldom seen except in the far East, and even there one could not meet with a more complete transformation than was presented to the eye in those dry and sandy plains in the space of a few moments time.

No scientific explanation has been given, that I know of, of this marvel of nature; the soil is strongly impregnated with salt, and would be very rich if cultivated, but let us hope that the hand of man will leave undisturbed the sweet, placid waters of the pictured Blue Lake.

Quite close at hand was a large plot of ground which was said to be a most dangerous quicksand, the surface was very light in colour, and much cracked ; we, not believing in the danger, tried one day to drive across, the mule refused several places, and was very uneasy, as if the animal was aware that there was something wrong, but after a little judicious coaxing, we managed to skirt the treacherous bog without evil results.

The rocky coast is rugged and stern, but the spray from the breakers leaping high in the clear

air, makes a delightful fresh atmostphere, and we enjoyed wandering about, picking up the numerous shells of all kinds which strew the beach.

The "Barking Sands" are long, low hillocks of sea sand which, after a period of dry, hot weather, will, when stamped on, give out a curious barking sound, like that of an angry dog. It is said that this comes from the sand being composed of myriads of tiniest shells, which when pressed with sudden violence make the sound I have mentioned.

How true this version may be I cannot tell, but the plains of Kekaha are certainly rich in marvels. At the extreme end of the plains another plantation has been taken up, and though the area cannot be very large the soil is so rich that the large crops of sugar will repay the enterprizing planter; the isolation will be great, but the situation a scene of surpassing beauty.

There are many Swedes and Norwegians on this side of Kauai, and one of the partners in Kekaha plantation was a Swede, who lived in the pretty house alluded to, which had a fountain in front, and when hearing many voices in the Norse language, the effect is very curious, that

tongue being more nasal and guttral than even the North German.

We left Kekaha with the warmest remembrances of all the kind welcomes extended to us, and after stopping to bid adieu to Mrs. Sinclair and her family, we drove back to Elle-Elle, where at Waihiava Ranche, we passed a charming visit of a fortnight, at the white house, nestled at the foot of the hills.

This ranche was a splendid estate, hundreds of cattle roaming over the hills and plains; and most curious to see were the innumerable flocks of turkeys which one met everywhere in walks, or drives, or rides. Originally, I suppose they had been tame and in small numbers, but gradually wandering from the home yard, had gone farther away, and finally brought out their young ones in all sorts of inaccessible places, for a turkey hen loves to make her nest where no human hand can find it. And though we saw flocks of dozens in each, quite close to the garden fence, yet in the rockiest paths, or most silent gulches, we would suddenly hear the peculiar cry of the bird when disturbed, and they would fly off the trees like pheasants.

The house was charming, so large, though only one story, but a range of pretty little cottage rooms ran down at right angles with the main building, connected with each other by a wide verandah.

The rides up the mountain which rose up almost immediately behind the house were lovely, such a wide vista to look out on, bounded only by the sea ; groves of bamboo, and coffee bushes were in abundance, and solitary trees of koa shewed where this beautiful wood had once flourished in abundance.

On the sea shore were splendid shells, so richly marked ; and close by the pools where we looked for them, were rocky ponds from which salt was taken in large quantities, dried, and exported, but I heard it was not so remunerative as to make the exportation a large business.

Looking up from the "shelling," we were engaged on one day, I saw the rocks were very high, and curved round into a horse-shoe shape almost, running inland several hundred yards ; and at various distances, some twenty feet from the ground, one could perceive apertures in the face of the rocks, almost like open doorways, apparently only reached by a narrow ledge marked in the rocks.

I asked my companion, one of the charming daughters of our kind hostess of Waihiava what it meant, and she said they were supposed to be graves of natives, probably chiefs, whose bodies, after being embalmed were carefully deposited in these caves, and the natives to this day dislike extremely any stranger to look into them. It seemed to bring the fact of the eastern fashion of putting the mummies into caves in rocks to one's mind, but there could scarcely be any connection, one would think.

There was a collection of native curiosities in the room of the young master of the house, calabashes, mats, spears, stone poi pounders, etc., and the most perfect specimens of tapa cloth I saw while in the Islands ; great rolls of the cloth had been given to him, some new, and some old, bright colours and dull, and some with deep borders would have looked most quaint as curtains, and one square piece would have done for a table cloth ; they were exceptionally fine and well made, and no doubt before long it will be as difficulty to get tapa cloth from Hawaii, as it is to get silk from China.

We said good bye to Waihiava and our kind

and gentle hostess, and drove to Koloa one fine day, where we spent the night with the Judge, and the following day reached our destination for a short visit to some friends at Hanamoula, where indeed the offices of the good Samaritan were called into requisition, for a violent cold detained one of our party there for several days and the hospitality extended can never be forgotten.

Captain L'Orange was a Swede, also his wife, and we heard many interesting stories of his seafaring life before settling in Kauai; Madame L'Orange was a notable housekeeper, and she told me of some quaint dishes customary in her country, and one day introduced us to beer soup, and rye bread with carraway seeds in it! also a strong liquor made very sweet, flavoured strongly with aniseed, which is frequently given in Sweden before dinner, to be eaten with a certain kind of hard dry biscuit as an appetizer.

The linen of the household was the finest, and most elaborate I ever saw, even the pillow cases and sheets being most beautifully worked by hand; on each large pillow lay a tiny one, with a blue

covering, and over that a second cover of finest cambric, with a large monogram embroidered in the centre, and edged with work to correspond. It is probable much the same custom as obtains in Germany, for each young Swedish maiden to vie with the other for the possession of a large stack of household linen, which is kept, and added to, to be in readiness for the wedding day.

We were almost at the end of our journey when we said a regretful good-bye at Hanamoula, and that same afternoon reached Kapaa where we spent a few days at Mr. Dole's before wending our way to Kilauea, where we found everything in capital order, and though Sin Fat expressed pleasure at our return, he two days later, as I have said before, I firmly believe, walked off with some valuables; with celestial cunning, he waited until we had returned, found things all safe, and then expressed sorrow that he had left the door open one night! No doubt, to make way for a friendly thief! We were always so glad we had been enabled to take the trip round Kauai, thereby enabling us to see more varieties of life in a short time than we could

possibly have done in any other way, as the many difficulties in merely travelling about would have deterred us, but with the phaeton, the mules, and Johnnie, we were quite independent of steamers and stages, and have, amongst our many happy recollections, this last chapter of

"SCENES IN HAWAII."

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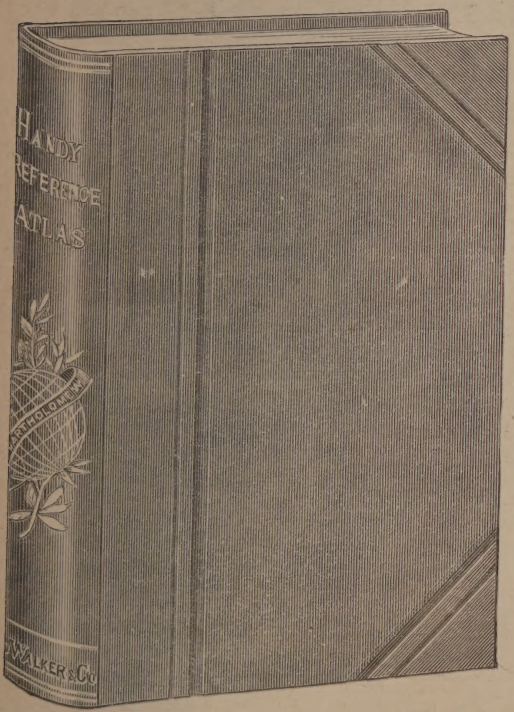

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